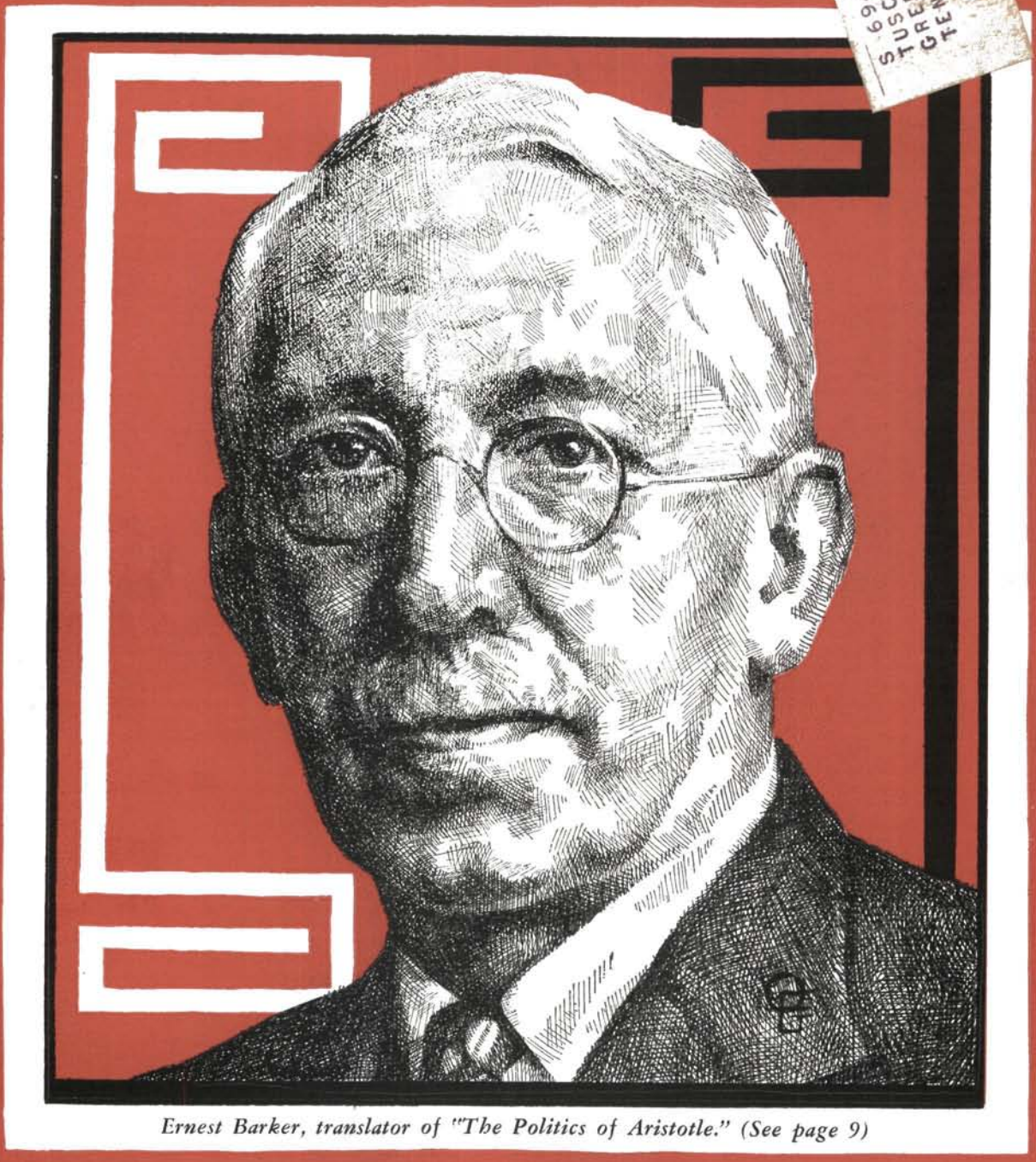
JAN 3 '47

The Saturday Review of Literature

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

694 9-7R LIBRARY
TUSCULUM COLLEGE
STUSCENEVILLE TE
GREENEVILLE TENN

VOLUME XXIX No. 51 DECEMBER 21, 1946 FIFTEEN CENTS



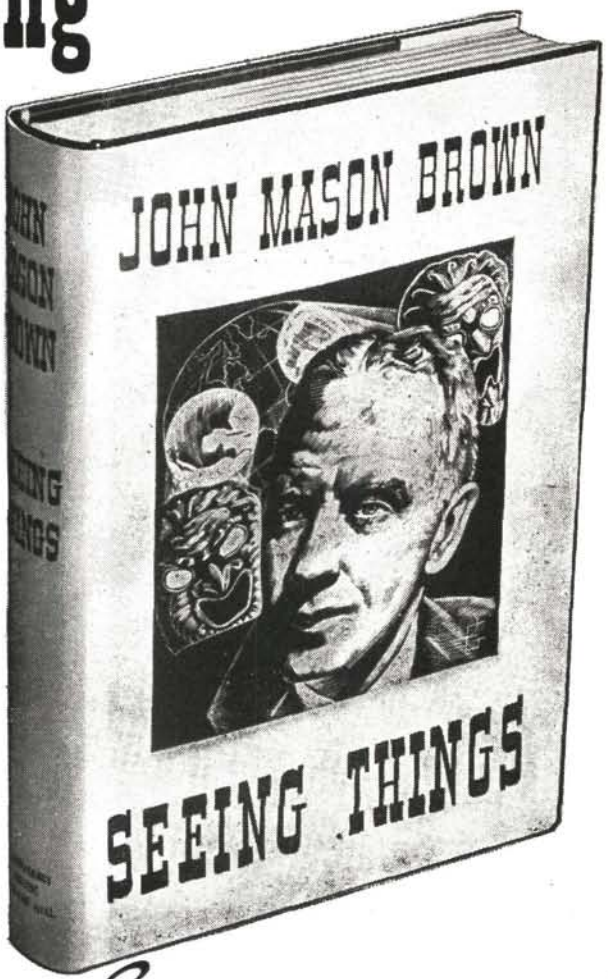
Ernest Barker, translator of "The Politics of Aristotle." *(See page 9)*

Telling A Story

By PHYLLIS BENTLEY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's not too late to give the most charming Christmas Gift of all . . . . . .



SPECIAL SERVICE TO S. R. L. READERS

Telegraph your order *collect* to the Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, any time up to 12:00 noon, E.S.T., December 24th, giving the name and address of the friend who is to receive SEEING THINGS as your gift. As soon as your telegram arrives, the Saturday Review will wire a Christmas message, *anywhere in the country*, announcing that a copy of SEEING THINGS is on its way as a gift from you. Books will be mailed immediately, postpaid. You will be billed some time after January 1, 1947, at $3.00 per copy. Call Western Union NOW.

"Gay, witty and informative, required reading for friends of the theatre and of humanity."—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

SEEING THINGS

By JOHN MASON BROWN

is on sale at all bookstores at $3.00.
It is published by

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Company

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

December 21, 1946

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

Articles

PAGE

TELLING A STORY
By Phyllis Bentley..... 7

THE CORPSE UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE
By Judge Lynch.....27

Reviews

THE POLITICS OF ARISTOTLE
By Ernest Barker
Reviewed by Eugene O'Neill, Jr...... 9

FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS
By Gretchen Finletter
Reviewed by Sophie Kerr.....10

MIRROR OF THE PAST
By K. Zilliacus, M.P.
Reviewed by Waverly Root.....11

WHITE HOUSE PHYSICIAN
By Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels.....12

THE HUMAN FRONTIER
By Roger J. Williams
Reviewed by Harrison Brown.....13

ALL BUT ME AND THEE
By Brig. Gen. Elliot D. Cooke
Reviewed by Bertram D. Lewin, M.D. 14

THE SAINT AND THE HUNCHBACK
By Donald A. Stauffer
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman.....15

THE LONG DUSK
By Victor Serge
Reviewed by Joseph Wechsberg.....16

THE RISE OF HENRY MORCAR
By Phyllis Bentley
Reviewed by John Woodburn.....17

THE WIND AT MY BACK
By Victoria Lincoln
Reviewed by Rosemary C. Benét.....25

THE POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA ANTHOLOGY
With an introduction by J. Donald Adams
Reviewed by I. L. Saloman.....29

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY I.Q.....14

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Jean Hersholt.....18

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....21

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....22

LITERARY CRYPT.....25

LISTENING
By Albert N. Williams.....26

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....28

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....31

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....32

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 665.....35

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lillian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXIX, No. 51, December 21, 1946. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1946, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.
Registered United States Patent Office.

New England Office
176 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass.
Midwestern Office
814 North Tower Court, Chicago 11, Ill.

The Christmas gift
that flatters your friends —

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

TO send a subscription for *The Saturday Review of Literature* to people you like is the nicest way of telling them that you know they're interested in the things that really matter.

For the *SRL* is the magazine that thinking people talk about. It is the source of some of the most notable, quotable writing appearing anywhere today. (A handsome gift card will be sent to all recipients.)

SPECIAL
Christmas Gift
RATES

1 One-year subscription $6.00
2 One-year subscriptions $9.00
3 One-year subscriptions $12.00
Additional one-year subscriptions.....$4.00

Your own subscription (new or extension) may be included at these special rates. Add $1 per subscription for Canadian and foreign postage.

MY OWN NAME IS:

.....
Street .....
City .....State .....
(Zone)

☐ Please include my own subscription
☐ New ☐ Extension

I ENCLOSE $.....
☐ or bill me after Jan. 1, 1947

ORDER BLANK

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send *The Saturday Review* for one year to the following:

Name .....
Street .....
City .....Zone .....State .....

Name .....
Street .....
City .....Zone .....State .....

Name .....
Street .....
City .....Zone .....State .....

Name .....
Street .....
City .....Zone .....State .....

Name .....
Street .....
City .....Zone .....State .....

G-4

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

OPERATING ON THE THEORY that Trade Winds readers might like a budget of reasonably new jokes and anecdotes to help promote the cheer at holiday homecoming parties, I shall devote this column to a retelling of the best that have come my way in recent weeks.

An old retired British colonel, confides George Oppenheimer, was seated in his usual chair at a London club, listening with growing irritation to a group of RAF pilots boasting about their exploits in the last war. He finally could contain himself no longer. "It's all very well for you whippersnappers to talk," he rumbled, "but your war was child's play compared to the Boer War. The hot sun beating at your brain; the sand burning up your feet; the Fuzzy-Wuzzies attacking you night and day. Why, in one day alone, I had a hand-to-hand encounter with ten of the blighters. Killed eight of them. The other two impaled me with a spear through my chest to a rubber tree. Hung there for three days."

One of the pilots said politely, "Gad, sir, that must have been painful."

"Not particularly," answered the colonel. "Only when I laughed." . . .

TWO OF THE BIG white fathers in a nudist camp became involved in an argument. One lost his temper completely, and began screaming at the top of his lungs. The other laid a restraining hand on his shoulder, and counseled, "Hector, Hector! Keep your shirt off!" . . . A battleship anchored in New York harbor, and an ensign seized the opportunity to bring his best girl aboard for a tour of inspection. On the bridge, he pointed down to a big bronze plaque and explained, "This marks the spot where our brave captain fell." "I can see why," said the bright-eyed damsel. "I darn near slipped on it myself." . . .

"BUGS" BAER, one of the really great humorists in journalism today, tells the story of a .420 hitter, habitual leader of his league, who experienced a sudden slump, and struck out four times in a single game. When he came home, his wife rushed out to greet him, threw her arms around his neck, and inquired, "How many hits did you make today?" The batsman thrust his wife aside and grumbled, "You just do the cooking around here, understand? I'll do the hitting!" . . . Baer's famous description of a homely columnist: "The last time I saw him, he was the top of a totem pole in Seattle." . . . A druggist left a new clerk in charge of his shop for a few moments, and inquired when he returned, "Any customers?" "Yes," said the clerk. "One man came in with a terrible cough." "What did you give him for it?" asked the druggist. "Castor oil," said the clerk. "I told him to take six tablespoonfuls every ten minutes." "Good heavens," cried the druggist. "That won't cure him of a cough." "It may not cure him," admitted the clerk, "but I'll bet you he doesn't *dare* to cough." . . .

A MEMBER OF *The New Yorker* staff, against his better judgment, signed a contract to perform his first writing chore for a famous Hollywood producer. After several weeks he turned in his initial script. The producer read it with evident satisfaction, slapped him on the back, and cried, "It's great! It's wonderful! Now who are we gonna get to rewrite it?" . . . Another film mahatma invited Jerry Chodorov to a dinner party at his home. "I'm sorry but I can't make it," said Chodorov. "I'm dining that evening with Louis Blank." "Blank?" echoed the mahatma in amazement. "He's a *luncheon* date!" . . . A studio sent out a call for somebody to portray George Washington in an historical pageant. A well-known Hollywood wit submitted a photograph of the Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington with his application for the job, saying, "This photograph will explain why my friends all say I'm the spitting image of our first President." Is it necessary to add that the note he received in reply read, "We regret to tell you that you are not the type"? . . .

DEAN ALFANGE TELLS a story about a candidate for mayor who made forty campaign speeches in a single day, and staggered home in a state of complete exhaustion. On his doorstep he found a blue fairy who told him, "As a reward for your fine work, any wish you care to make will come true. But remember that whatever you ask, the man running against you will get just twice as much." "That's an interesting proposition," admitted the candidate. "I'm half dead tonight. I think I'll ask to stay just that way." . . . Carl Rose describes an inspection tour in an officers' training school by a C.O. every candidate had learned to abhor. He was about to pass one unfortunate candidate's bunk without comment when a grasshopper jumped on the cot. "Ah ha!" cried the martinet. "A grasshopper, eh? One demerit!" The candidate lost his temper

"Now let's see, there's Mr. and Mrs. Falk and their youngest daughter plus their son Harry with his wife and two children, together with their married daughter Edna, her husband and baby, not to forget old Grandma Falk."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

completely and, regardless of consequences, retorted, "Hadn't you better make that *two* demerits, sir? There's *dust* on that grasshopper!" . . .

BERT KALMAR WRITES, "I see where Perry Bradford is mentioned in the list of acknowledgments in Mezzrow's 'Really the Blues.' Perry was quite a character in the old Tin Pan Alley days. He wrote a lot of songs but, though the choruses were different, every verse began, 'Can't sleep a wink at night,/Lost my appetite.' One of his songs looked like a sure hit, and a newly organized recording outfit, thinking to take advantage of his being colored and therefore presumably gullible, wrote that if he would waive all royalties they would record his song. It would give him great prestige, would boost the song into the hit class, etc., etc. Perry wrote back, 'Gentlemen: The only thing I waves is the American flag. Yours truly, Perry Bradford'." . . . Another songwriter named George Meyers went with Kalmar to the funeral of a mutual friend. Meyers passed the open casket on the way to his seat. "How does he look?" asked Kalmar. Meyers answered, "How do you want him to look? He looks dead!" . . .

AT A REHEARSAL in Philadelphia, Leopold Stokowski is reported to have seized an offending musician by the coat collar and exclaimed, "My man, you do not know the difference between your brass and your oboe." . . . A Brookline merchant's mother-in-law passed away, and the undertaker asked him, "Would you like the body buried, embalmed, or cremated?" "Better do all three," declared the merchant. "I'm taking no chances!" . . . A distinguished, but not too robust, poet is giving a course on Shakespeare at the New School this season. He viewed the overflowing audience at the first session with some misgivings and said, "I don't hear too well, and cannot speak in a very loud tone of voice. I do hope you people in the back rows will be able to follow me. If you cannot, it won't do you much good to raise your hands. I can't see well, either." . . . An out-of-towner looked at the gadgets on display at Abercrombie and Fitch's, and commented, "Say, this is just F.A.O. Schwartz's in long pants!" . . .

DO YOU REMEMBER a very fancy drink called a rainbow pousse café that was popular with college boys a decade or so ago? It consisted of seven or eight vari-colored liqueurs which did not mix if they were poured carefully enough, and looked a lot better than it tasted. Well, the story goes that an effeminate lad flounced into a crowded saloon one evening, caught the bartender's eye, and loudly demanded, "One pousse café!" Sudden silence descended at the bar. The husky bartender stared incredulously and bellowed, "What was that you said, mister?" The lad swallowed nervously, and spoke up very firmly, "I said 'one beer'!" . . .

VICTOR BORGE, THE clever Danish raconteur, told his sponsor, "A man you really should know about is my uncle, who was determined to invent a new soft drink. He worked on a formula for a whole year, and came up with something he called '4 Up.' It was a failure, but my uncle was not discouraged. He worked another year, and produced a new concoction which he named '5 Up.' Again it failed to sell, but my uncle persevered. He took all the rest of his money, secluded himself for two years this time, and turned up with still another soft drink that he called '6 Up.' Alas, it failed like the others, and my uncle, discouraged at last, gave up in disgust."

"The point of your story eludes me," said the sponsor. "Why do you tell me all this?"

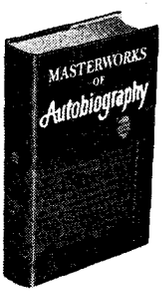
"I just wanted you to know," Borge answered him, "how close my uncle came to inventing '7 Up'!"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

THE new volume of Masterworks is **Masterworks** of **Autobiography,** published December 5th. The selections included are: *St. Augustine, Benvenuto Cellini, Samuel Pepys, Benjamin Franklin, Rousseau, Goethe, Hans Christian Andersen, Cardinal Newman, Tolstoy,* and *Henry Adams.*

There is very little I can say about these without gilding the lily. But one thing has struck me about these men—their internationalism. By internationalism I mean both physically and mentally. Physically they come from different lands and were born at different times. Mentally, their approach to life is in terms too broad to be embodied in any single movement, era, or condition, though these things are unquestionably influential. It is curious to me that we are only too willing to think in international terms, terms without boundaries and without local prejudice, whenever anyone brings up the arts. And yet when the idea is broached politically, it's like mentioning venereal disease in the Morgan Library.



In this book are assembled some of the more articulate human minds, and since a person's primary interest is basically himself, these minds are doubly articulate. Here is a book that is stuffed but not stuffy, a book which makes a fine Christmas gift and a good sound way to start your reading in the new year before you degenerate to the heroine's boudoir of some historical novel.

* * *

And speaking of Christmas, it doesn't look to me as if it will be a very white one around these metropolitan parts this year. In fact, in the words of an ad I heard recently which plugged Florida, New York is fast becoming the place where summer spends the winter. But I hear we're entering the hot arc of a fifty-year weather cycle, and be it a vicious one or no, we ought to have something to talk about for the next fifty years. Anyway, Santa Clauses will no longer freeze on street corners. So, Merry Christmas!

paul

DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A poem for pawnbrokers

AN OLD STAGEHAND was set to sweeping leaves on Broadway the night of November 1st, 1923. The exact spot was the deserted stage of the National Theater. There was a touch of autumn and the echo of dueling in the air. Cyrano had been alive here during the past few hours. His white plume had caught a few leaves as they fell from the flys above, but these too were among the sweepings. Cyrano was making good his boast, "My salute shall sweep all the stars away." The stagehand went on cleaning up for tomorrow's performance.

The audience had gone. A new poem, a new poetic drama had been created out of its French counterpart: it was Brian Hooker's translation of Rostand's CYRANO DE BERGERAC, specially prepared for Walter Hampden.

Hampden's Cyrano is now stage history. It passed the 1000th performance mark in 1937. It ranks with Barrymore's Hamlet as a great personal achievement. But in back of this success lay Hooker's success not only as a great translator of all time but as playwright and poet of stature. He did for Rostand what Scott Moncrieff did for Proust, and Fitzgerald for Omar Khayyam. He overcame the obstacle of language by a process of transplanting the spirit of Cyrano into a new body that lives and breathes of its own strength. There had been no adequate translations before. Cyrano was a closed book to that generation of American playgoers, who now in their forties, at the mention of the long-nosed Cadet of Gascoyne, suddenly find themselves transformed from housewives and money changers into Roxanes and fighters at odds of a hundred to one.

But Hooker accomplished something still more than he set out to do. A play was the form he had in mind and poetry his medium. Publication in book form was incidental. In spite of this indifference he created a book that has gone through thirty one printings in twenty three years. Poetry and plays are the greatest gambles a book publisher can take. But here is a poetic drama setting some sort of record for sustained demand; a new printing every nine months for almost a quarter of a century! The public has been impatient with the long intermissions between stage productions. During the gaps between Walter Hampden's performances beginning in 1923 down to Jose Ferrer's in 1946, Cyrano has appeared at intervals both on Broadway and on the road but evidently not often enough to satisfy the demand.

Though stage prop leaves do not fall in the Third Act every season, the pages of Rostand's Cyrano turn every day of the year. It is Hooker's translation that has defied the limitations of time and space pretty much as Cyrano himself would have defied them.

Those who cannot "see" Cyrano produced or cannot read it in the original can reach for the stars out of their own special world of compromise. They can hear Cyrano say,

"What would you have me do?
Seek for the patronage of some great man,
And like a creeping vine on a tall tree
Crawl upward, where I cannot stand alone?
No thank you! Dedicate, as others do,
Poems to pawnbrokers? Be a buffoon
In the vile hope of teasing out a smile
On some cold face? No thank you! Eat a toad
For breakfast every morning? Make my knees
Callous, and cultivate a supple spine,—
Wear out my belly grovelling in the dust?
No thank you! Scratch the back of any swine
That roots up gold for me? Tickle the horns
Of Mammon with my left hand, while my right
Too proud to know his partner's business,
Takes in the fee? No thank you! Use the fire
God gave me to burn incense all day long
Under the nose of wood and stone? No thank you!
Shall I go leaping into ladies' laps
And licking fingers?—or—to change the form—
Navigating with madrigals for oars,
My sails full of the sighs of dowagers?
No thank you! Publish verses at my own
Expense? No thank you! Be the patron saint
Of a small group of literary souls
Who dine together every Tuesday? No
I thank you! Shall I labor night and day
To build a reputation on one song,
And never write another? Shall I find
True genius only among Geniuses,
Palpitate over little paragraphs,
And struggle to insinuate my name
Into the columns of the *Mercury?*
No thank you! Calculate, scheme, be afraid,
Love more to make a visit than a poem,
Seek introductions, favors, influences?—
No thank you! No, I thank you! And again
I thank you!—But . . .
To sing, to laugh, to dream,
To walk in my own way and be alone,
Free, with an eye to see things as they are,
A voice that means manhood—to cock my hat
Where I choose— At a word, a *Yes,* a *No,*
To fight—or write. To travel any road
Under the sun, under the stars, nor doubt
If fame or fortune lie beyond the bourne—
Never to make a line I have not heard
In my own heart; yet, with all modesty
To say: 'My soul, be satisfied with flowers,
With fruit, with weeds even; but gather them
In the one garden you may call your own.'
So, when I win some triumph, by some chance,
Render no share to Caesar—in a word,
I am too proud to be a parasite,
And if my nature wants the germ that grows
Towering to heaven like the mountain pine,
Or like the oak, sheltering multitudes—
I stand, not high it may be—but alone!"

Each year, each month, each day, they can hear Cyrano challenging the pawnbroker in us all to a duel with the ghost of freedom.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

By EDMOND ROSTAND
Translated by BRIAN HOOKER

Leather-bound, $3.50
Cloth-bound, $2.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

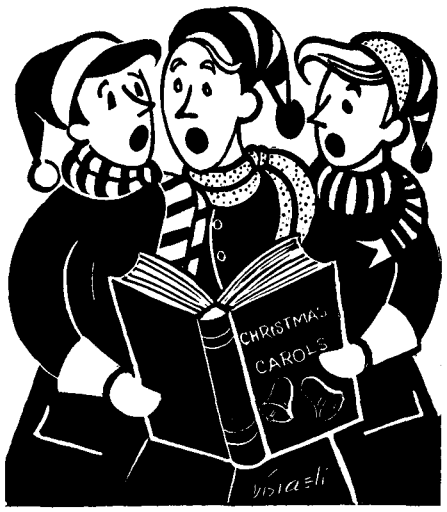
Telling A Story

By PHYLLIS BENTLEY

"AN ARTIST," writes Arnold Bennett, "must be interested primarily in presentment not in the thing presented. He must have a passion for technique, a deep love for form." On the other hand W. Somerset Maugham, in "The Summing-up," remarks: "The artist is absorbed by his technique only when his theme is of no pressing interest to him."

These two truths are not necessarily incompatible. The expert tennis player, when called on to deal during a match with a tennis ball bouncing in a remote corner of the court, does not consciously consider the technique of foot and wrist necessary to reach and hit the white sphere in the available number of seconds before, with its present speed and angle, it falls to earth. In a practice game he might thus consciously reflect, but in a match he simply leaps across the ground and turning his wrist delivers a swift and well-placed backhand stroke. If he thought consciously he would lack the time to act. But it is owing to previous training of foot and hand, to long, conscious, and careful study and practice of his technique, that at the moment of action all these considerations are fused into a perfectly coordinated movement of the muscles. He thinks about winning the point, not about his left foot, but only long footwork study enables him to leave his left foot with impunity to look after itself. Of course there are players of such genius that no study is necessary; but the young player is well advised not to consider himself of their number. Of course, too, tennis players play tennis because they are passionately interested in that particular method of muscular activity.

All this is a commonplace in games and in most arts. Sculptors are presumed to find it necessary to learn how to model clay and handle a chisel before they try to express some profound thought about the origins of life in marble. Painters study anatomy and color. Composers know the



structure of the scale. Poets are usually familiar with the rhyme schemes of the sonnet before trying to compose one. Certainly all critics of these arts are required to be well versed in their technique. In any case, if practitioners and critics are not familiar with these techniques, it is their own fault, since colors, notes, and scansions have been clearly defined and the definitions copiously discussed and recorded.

In the art of fiction it is not so. The *corpus* of fiction criticism is small and on the whole lightly regarded, compared with that of other arts, and such criticism as exists deals almost entirely with the material or the pattern rather than with the actual fabric of fiction. Few critiques exist on general fiction topics comparable with those on the esthetics and mechanics of drama and poetry. Many books have been written to discuss the achievements of an individual novelist, which cite and praise his characters, his story, his scene, even his style, but few mention his actual method of presentation, his narrative. It is as if books were written about all the bodies painted by Michelangelo, stating and praising their varied flesh tints, rosy, sallow, or bronze, but never mentioning the actual application of paint by which these tints were achieved. The famous prefaces of Henry James describe in gloriously minute detail the master's materials and his design, the pattern in his carpet and the colored wools of which it is to be woven; but only rarely do they touch on the actual process of weaving. Percy Lubbock alone, in "The Craft of Fiction," has attempted an analysis of fiction narrative, and that brilliant work, though a classic of fiction criticism, is obstructed in its pursuit of truth, in my view, by a mistaken terminology. Indeed ignorance on the subject of fiction narrative prevails to such an extent that its terminology is as yet quite undetermined—unlike the novel's young cousin the film, where the *frame*, the *shot*, and the *sequence* convey definite ideas. Recent attacks on, recent divergencies from the traditional type of fiction narrative seem to me therefore to have proceeded from false premises though often empirically useful.

As a practitioner rather than a critic, I venture to offer a few observations on the art of narrative in fiction, in the hope that they may indicate the scope of the territory to be covered by future fiction criticism, and the problems to be solved.

I FIND I can explain my views of the nature of narrative in fiction, its varieties and the place it occupies between the reader and the imaginary world of the novel most easily if I translate a psychological fact into a physical metaphor, and say that the reader is divided from the imaginary world of the novel by a high wall over which he cannot see. On the top of the wall is perched the novelist. He looks down into the world of his imagination and then turns to the reader and tells him what is going on there. The novelist does not, like the dramatist, pick up bits of his world and set them down on the near side of the wall for actors to animate and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his audience to see; the novelist narrates; he tells what he sees.

What is it that he sees? The world of the particular novel which is at present engaging him; a tremendous three-dimensional pageant of life, not endless, but rolling continuously past the novelist's mental eye. A seething flux of phenomena, continually changing, continually transmuting as to some of its items, continually rolling, sweeping, surging, sparking, and banging by.

Since this world, this moving pageant, is the novelist's creation, he is of course omniscient and omnipotent with regard to it.

He is omniscient—the cries of its birds, the thuds of its battles, the thoughts of its people, its clouds, its sunsets, its leaves, its deepest emotions and vastest plains, are all part of its seething flux and he knows them all.

He is omnipotent—he can alter his pageant at will, he can survey any part, in any way, at will. He can look at it or not look at it, as he likes, whenever he likes. He can look at parts of it and not at other parts, if he likes. He can hold it at a distance, he can draw it close. He has its progress, its rolling, completely under his control; he can make it go past him swiftly or slowly, as he likes; he can reverse it backwards, and bring it up again with a jerk, if he chooses. And he does so choose; he delights in handling his pageant variously. Before he begins to tell about his pageant to his readers, he has rolled it backwards and forwards many a score of times, trying to improve its interest and its beauty, trying, too, to decide how he shall handle it on that final occasion when he tells it to his readers.

THERE are as many ways of rolling a pageant as there are human minds, but in our metaphor the speed of the process is the operative factor in the type of narrative we receive. Sometimes the novelist rolls the pageant by swiftly, so swiftly that details are not discernible. Sometimes the novelist rolls it slowly, so that he sees (and tells) each specific action, hears each actual word. Sometimes he halts it altogether for a moment.

Suppose, for example, a part of the novelist's imaginary world concerns the journey of his hero Dick and his villain Tom from a village in Central Africa to London. The rolling pageant brings in its course Dick and Tom to a long stretch of desert. The desert (this is in Victorian times) is all the same and not very important, and so the novelist rolls it swiftly by. He does *not* say: "Dick and Tom raised their right foot and put it down, striding over a yard of sand, and then raised their left foot and put it down, striding over another yard of sand," and go on saying that or something like it until Tom and Dick have marched two hundred miles, and at last reach a palm tree. At the same time he is bound to give an impression of the two hundred miles, for the remoteness, the loneliness, of Dick and Tom is highly important. He therefore holds his pageant at a distance so that he can see its full breadth and rolls it quickly by; he tells us in a few paragraphs about the distant mountains, the burning sun, the sand, the heat of the day, how the feelings of loneliness of Dick and Tom heightened with the journey, and so on. Then when he has created a sufficient impression of the vast stretch of desert lying between the travelers and civilization, he goes on: "The sun was just sinking as Dick and Tom entered the Sazifa oasis."

Something important in his story is going to happen in this oasis, he knows; so he slows up the pageant, and looks very intently at this one portion of it. Now that it is going so slowly, instead of a blur of sound he can hear voices, instead of a white blank he can see the nose and eyes and cheeks of a face, instead of a pulsating ribbon of cerebration he can perceive the thoughts of Dick and Tom at this single moment. And so, instead of telling us summaries of speech and personality and behavior, he tells us specific words and actions. We read his account of the exact words in which Dick and Tom quarrel, the exact knife-blow with which Tom murders Dick, the exact thoughts, horrified yet rejoicing, with which Tom buries the body.

But the rest of Tom's journey to England isn't important in the least, so the novelist simply declines to look at it; he whizzes it by in a flash, so fast that he does not see it at all. He ends his chapter, that is to say; he breaks off his narrative, begins it again only when the liner carrying Tom approaches Southampton. Tom's landing in England isn't very important, so we have a fairly swift narrative of the disembarkation—with one slower view perhaps at the bookstall, where Tom sees an account of Dick's death in a travel magazine. The pageant rolls by fairly swiftly as Tom travels up to London—we must have an impression of farms and green fields, to convey that this is civilization, but do not need to travel the journey mile by mile.

But now Tom arrives at the London terminus, and is met by Ellen, the girl to whom Dick was engaged, the girl whom Tom hopes to marry. This meeting is of the first importance. The novelist therefore slows up the pageant and takes a long slow look, and tells us everything that happened in minute detail—Tom's struggles to play a part in look and word, Ellen's candid grief presently becoming shadowed by distrust.

WHEN the novelist halts his moving world and tells us what he sees, we term that type of narrative a description. When he moves it slowly and tells us single specific actions (including of course those specific actions we call speech and thought), we have learned to term that type of narrative a *scene*. When he rolls his fictitious world by rapidly, so that he gives us, not each specific moment of many battles but the integrated campaign, not the single impressions of a character but the sum of that character, not the minute-by-minute thought of a man but a summarized account of his gradual conversion to a new course of life—what is the term for that type of narration? Unfortunately there is no generally accepted term. Percy Lubbock calls these summaries *retrospect* when they refer to the past, but that covers only one of their functions. I myself have adopted the term *summary* to express these condensations, these integrations, but I am not at all satisfied with it. The words *scene* and *summary*, *description* and *summary*, are not proper antitheses. Though indeed—and this is the crux of the argument—the kinds of narrative described above are not antitheses, but distant points in a scale of subtle gradations, stretching from the specific to the integrated.

For all narrative is in fact a summary to some degree. The most specific scene does not narrate the contraction of the muscles, the rush of the impulse along the grey ganglions of the mind, which produces speech or smile. When Virginia Woolf, devotee of the specific, writes in "Jacob's Room": "Thick wax candles stand upright; young men rise in white gowns; while the subservient eagle bears up for inspection the great white book," she is summarizing the complex interactions of systems of internal stresses subjected to external forces, the

(*Continued on page* 30)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finest Intellect of Antiquity

THE POLITICS OF ARISTOTLE. Translated, with an introduction, notes, and appendixes, by Ernest Barker. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. lxxvi + 411 pp. $5.

Reviewed by EUGENE O'NEILL, JR.

THIS is an unconditionally first-rate book. It deserves nothing less than a "rave-notice," and that is what it is going to get. Such notices are not congenial to critics, especially academic ones, and for obvious reasons, but when a great work of Greek philosophy is published in a translation that is everything that a translation should be, then it is time to get over prissiness and to praise without stint.

The "Politics" is a great and important work, with few equals in our legacy from Greece. The finest intellect of antiquity produced it, and it is worthy of that intellect. It has been enormously influential in every century since its composition, and through the succession of Aquinas, Hooker, Locke, Burke, and Jefferson it has informed the political ideologies of England and America.

The "Politics" is therefore a work that every educated American should read and study and know. It is in itself a miniature education. The intellectual honesty of Aristotle was such that his works, although formally monologues, are really more dialectical than Plato's dialogues, and give a fairer presentation of opposing views. Plato is so sure of himself that he seems to say: "Look! Here is the one and only Truth, grasped in my hand." He gets very excited about his putative capture of Truth, and he is dramatist and poet enough to communicate his excitement to his readers. He is also thoroughly Greek in his dramaturgy, and his dialogues reason carefully and inevitably toward a preconcluded end.

Aristotle's way is different. Perhaps because he was Plato's pupil for twenty years, and always revered the master with whom he had found himself forced to disagree more and more deeply and extensively, he was the first great respecter of tradition, the first philosopher to take the genuinely dialectical view that one can learn much from one's opponents. He always gives full consideration to the views of his predecessors, with the aim of extracting from them such truth as they may contain. Out of such studies, combined with his own fund of information and judgments, he draws his conclusions, wherever he honestly can. Where this is not possible, he usually says so, and having candidly stated the dilemma, he leaves it to the reader to resolve, if he must. Such a method induces its own characteristic excitement, that of collaboration with an honest mind. This excitement differs radically from the Platonic one of moving toward a Truth surely to be apprehended, but it is no less valid, and it wears better.

Unfortunately, the "Politics" is a desperately difficult book to read, primarily because it is not a "book," in the ordinary sense of a discourse designed to communicate its author's views to any literate person. It is rather a collection of notes, apparently designed to stimulate the minds of the advanced students at the Lyceum. This esoteric material doubtless contained "working notes" for projected "books," as well as lecture-notes and digests of seminar discussions. After Aristotle's death his editors made what they could of his "papers," and their compilations are the "works" of Aristotle that have come down to us, for the most part.

The immediate result of this is that the "works" of Aristotle that we possess are stylistically quite devoid of merit. They are not even well arranged, but abound in inconcinnities, and we often find contradictory accounts of the same point confusingly juxtaposed. Scale, too, is wanting, and important matters are often summarily dealt with, while trivialities receive fulsome treatment.

All this makes Aristotle tough reading, even for Hellenists. In translation the difficulties increase. There is an old saying amongst Hellenists, that when you read Aristotle in English you have to use the Greek as a "trot." This wisecrack accents the fact that Aristotle's terminology cannot be effectively reproduced in English. But even if it could, the style would make Aristotle very difficult for the Greek-less reader. A merely accurate verbatim rendering of the Greek is not enough; much additional assistance is needed. This is true generally of Aristotle's "works," but of none so much as the "Politics."

If I had been asked to choose a

—*Fresco by Raphael.*

Aristotle "was the first philosopher to take the dialectical view that one can learn much from opponents."

SIR ERNEST BARKER is England's foremost classical scholar; two generations of students are indebted to him for a clear, bright view of the great minds of ancient Greece. For forty years an Englishman's education has not been complete without a reading of Sir Ernest's "The Political Thought of Plato and Aristotle." "His Mind," said one of his students, "is like a clear glass, through which man's thinking past is visible as if it lay on the other side of a window."

He was born in Cheshire, England, on the twenty-third of September, 1874, under, as Aristotle would have pointed out, the sign of Libra, which rules balance, justice, logic, and fosters a passion for perfection. He studied at Balliol College, Oxford; he has honorary degrees from Cambridge, Edinburgh, Harvard, Calcutta, and Dalhousie. From 1898 to 1939 he taught variously at Oxford, Cambridge, and King's College, London, always with a brilliance which drew students like flame. He remained ever a stout Christian, a Church of England man, an Augustinian rather than a Thomist.

He has written seven other books: "Political Thought in England from Herbert Spencer to Today," 1915; "National Character," 1927; "The Citizen's Choice" (essays), 1937; "Ideas and Ideals of the British Empire," 1941; "Reflections on Government," 1942; Britain and the British People," 1942; "Development of Public Services in Western Europe," 1944. At present Sir Ernest is acting as editor of the Current Problems Series for the Cambridge University Press.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

translator for the "Politics," I should have named Ernest Barker, without hesitation, and I think that most Hellenists would agree with me. Forty years ago Mr. Barker published the best treatment of Aristotle's political thought that had been written in a modern language. That excellent work has long been out of print and unobtainable, yet it is still indispensable to the student of the "Politics." (The Yale Library copy has almost been read to pieces.)

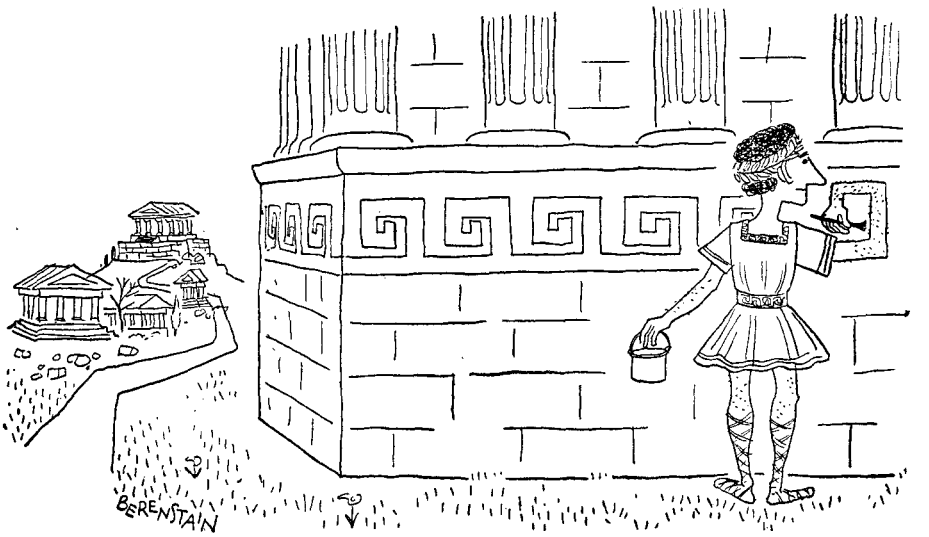
And now Mr. Barker's translation is available. I want to repeat what I said above, because it is altogether true, and I quite mean it: Mr. Barker's book is everything that a translation should be. He gives us a clear and readable version of the Greek text. Where the Greek is too telegraphic, he provides, in honest brackets, the words needed to make the English clear and to take the jerkiness out of the diction. He has evinced the disposition of the work into sections, and to these he has prefaced brief summaries of their contents. He has generously and thoroughly annotated his translation, so that every difficulty is resolved, every obscurity clarified, and a wealth of relevant information sheds light on the text and enriches the reader's intellectual experience of it. He has prefixed to his translation a full and lucid introduction, which gives the reader just what he needs to know, in order to understand the "Politics" properly: the historical and philosophic background, the stylistic peculiarities of Aristotle's works, the general contents of the "Politics," and, best of all, a brilliant discussion of Aristotle's terminology, which is so illuminating that it elevates the English reader almost to the level of the Hellenist. And every sentence of what Mr. Barker has written for the reader's assistance is infused with his deep and gentle wisdom, the fruit of forty years' concern with the problems of Man and Government, and especially with Aristotle's peculiarly wise and honest way of looking at those problems.

This is it! Read it, and learn!

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 664)

SEDGWICK:
THE HAPPY PROFESSION

How warm is the friendship engendered by correspondence! Distance does not always estrange. Distance blunts the prickles of human contacts. Angularities lose their rough edges when writers are at a safe distance.



It Wasn't So Long Ago

FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. By Gretchen Finletter. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 252 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SOPHIE KERR

ALL persons over thirty who long to do some intelligent escaping from the horrors our times so lavishly offer are hereby urged to rush out and buy "From the Top of the Stairs" by Gretchen Finletter. People under thirty will like this book also, but it's the almost-middle-aged who will love it and reread it and shout about it and send it to all their friends and relatives. For Mrs. Finletter is one of the four daughters of Walter Damrosch and her book records according to a (for once) truthful blurb "her early encounters and conflicts with pianos, performers, politics, and parties." And it is of an era which for those who saw it and had part in it can never be surpassed.

The little Damrosches had very special privileges in the world of music and theatre. Paderewski came to lunch —and ate only poached eggs. Gadski loaned her silver Isolde crown to Alice Damrosch and Gretchen nearly perished with envy; Isadora Duncan in velvet cloak and Victorian bonnet sat and talked in the Damrosch drawing-room and the sharp young listeners decided that "as a person she is a goose." The girls watched from upstairs the assembling of a dinner party which included Charles Dana Gibson and his beautiful wife, Richard Harding Davis and the delicious delovely delightful young Ethel Barrymore. And imagine having a father who went off each evening, glorious in dress-suit and high slik hat, to conduct at the Met! Imagine having a mother who was a daughter of James G. Blaine and held the fiery political views of her father!

There are stories of Elocution Class at Miss Spence's School; of Marcelline the famous Spanish clown of the old Hippodrome; of the early successes of Vernon and Irene Castle; of Inez Milholland leading the first suffrage parade, in which, by the way, Mrs. Damrosch marched; of Gretchen Damrosch learning to read and rejecting the Dotty Dimple and Five Little Pepper books because their romantic dialogues were not romantic enough, —natural reaction of a child who had heard Wagnerian opera from the cradle; of Robert E. Sherwood's very earliest dramatic stunts which introduced Mrs. James Still and her banjo, to me the most intriguing character in the book and very insufficiently described; of a gala charity auction on board the liner *France* with Polly nearly bankrupting her father by her bids on a Reboux hat which turned out to be too small for her to wear.

Besides such fascinating scenes fascinating words leap to the eyes from the pages of this book, words that evoke droll and touching nostalgia, words such as "high buttoned white kid boots," and "chaperon" and "knix" and "twenty-three skiddoo" and "peekaboo blouse." Remember? It wasn't so long ago.

Best of all the book shows a family where children obeyed their parents without feeling down-trodden, where there was sophistication without decadence, and civilization without vulgarity, and great affection without jealousy or over-possessiveness, and sentiment without sentimentality. Mr. and Mrs. Damrosch evidently liked their daughters and were good friends with them and the daughters reciprocated wonderfully.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lessons for Present and Future

MIRROR OF THE PAST. By K. Zilliacus, M.P. New York: A. A. Wyn. 1946. 354 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by WAVERLY ROOT

DECORUM is the dress of diplomats. Matters of protocol, form, and correct attire take on an importance in the diplomatic world which they possess nowhere else. The slightest taint of scandal is sufficient to wreck a promising diplomatic career.

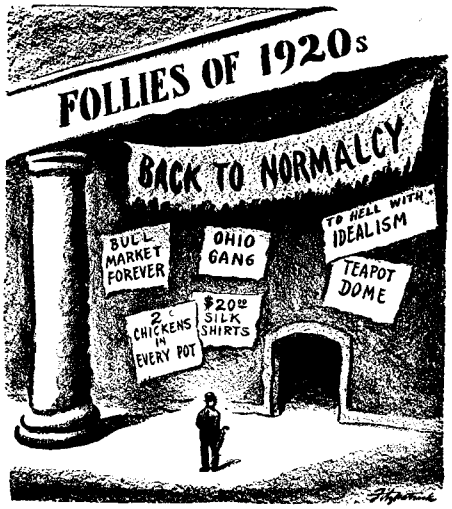
A psychiatrist might argue that the diplomatic preoccupation with respectability arises from a deep-buried and usually unadmitted guilt—the guilt expressed by Cavour, who had not relegated it to the subconscious, in the phrase quoted by Mr. Zilliacus: "What scoundrels we should be if we did for ourselves what we do for our country!" For the business of these ultra-respectable gentlemen is to serve national interests, necessarily, under our current system, at the expense of other national interests. It is to take from other nations, whenever the opportunity is afforded, what they would ordinarily not grant without war; and, if such gains are not possible except by war, to create a situation in which their own nations may reasonably expect to wage war successfully.

This is the indictment which Mr. Zilliacus levels against the diplomats. He has no respect for the motives which are hidden by the superficial and insincere politeness of diplomacy and castigates them in sentences often biting and sometimes savage. "It must never be forgotten," he writes, "that international law and international morality are concepts irrelevant to power politics except for propaganda purposes." This amorality of nations is so widespread that it is difficult to separate the more virtuous from the less virtuous on the criterion of their international behavior. Thus, in writing of Italy's particularly slippery diplomacy before World War I, Mr. Zilliacus remarks:

> The Italian people had, if possible, even less to say about their country's foreign policy than the peoples of France and Great Britain about theirs (and the Western democracies were little, if any, better off in this respect than Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia) . . . Italy was like an all-in wrestler who attracts attention even among his professional brethren for fighting foul. . . . This was not due to a double dose of original sin in Italians, but to the simple fact that Italy had to try to compensate by an overdose of fraud for her lack of force in the great game of power politics, which is compounded of both.

In this world of unrelieved duplicity and selfishness, Mr. Zilliacus, writing what he subtitles "A History of Secret Diplomacy," would seem to have selected the diplomats as his villains. Actually his thesis is by no means as superficial as this. Diplomats as individuals, he realizes, are well-meaning mortals like the rest of us. The unsavory work which they are impelled to do is forced upon them by the system within which they labor—which, to seek no examples nearer home, accounts for such surprising inconsistencies as, for instance, the policies of Winston Churchill in opposition to the Chamberlain government and his conduct of the affairs of state when he himself became responsible for them.

The keystone of this system, politically, is "international anarchy," the refusal of government to submit national decisions to any higher law, or, as Mr. Zilliacus puts it, "the fiction that states [are] sovereign entities recognizing no international duty or interest greater than their 'right' to be judge in their own cause and to use war as an instrument of national policy." On the economic plane, it is founded on "finance and monopoly capital," which takes advantage of the situation in which no interests superior to national interests are admitted to represent the increase of its own profits as being synonymous with the national interest and, consequently, as worthy of being advanced by all the means at the power of the state, including war. The success of finance and monopoly capital in using the state for its own ends is due to the secrecy with which diplomatic activities are surrounded, or, to look at the matter from the opposite point of view, the nature of the uses to which national diplomacy is put necessitates secrecy. National policies are determined by pressures applied to diplomacy long before peoples learn what attitudes have been adopted by their governments. Indeed it is the very departments of government most likely to lead a nation into war, those concerned with military and international affairs, which not only keep their activities secret from the public most consistently, but also tend to despise public opinion as "mawkishly sentimental, impracticably idealistic, and dangerously ignorant."



—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Repeat Performance?

This is Mr. Zilliacus's view of the world of international affairs. He puts the case for it with convincing skill and a wealth of solid documentation, on the basis of the developments of diplomacy which led up to World War I and concluded it. His most valuable contribution, perhaps, is his minute analysis of the attitude of the other powers to the developments of the Russian revolution. The rift with Russia is the great schism in our day, as it was then; and if we are ever to free ourselves of the dangerous miscomprehensions which prevent us from judging this situation accurately, it seems that we must go back to the beginning and retrace painfully, step by step, the record of the past in order to correct the errors which became part of our background thinking about Russia then, because they were sedulously put before us by governments which distorted the truth in the service of narrowly nationalistic policies.

If Mr. Zilliacus has thought it worth while to retrace minutely the malodorous history of international diplomacy before, during, and after World War I, it is, as the title of his book implies, in the hope that by regarding the mirror of the past we may find lessons to apply to the present and the future:

> I hope that the effect of this introduction to the morals and methods of the jungle world of international affairs will be that democracy will at last conquer the realms of foreign and colonial policy and defense, and that Anglo-American policy in all three fields will change from top to bottom and conform to the standards and serve the needs of international cooperation. If so, we may win the peace this time. If not, we shall lose it again as surely as we did last time.

Unhappily the evidence of Mr. Zilliacus's book does not permit optimism; for the mistakes he isolates are being duplicated while the more hopeful factors have disappeared. After World War I, America, through President Wilson, exercised a restraining

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

influence on the reactionary policies of some of her allies; today, she often outdoes them. After World War I, America experienced the same swing to the right which she is undergoing today, a common result of the ascendancy of military standards during wartime; but whereas she was then in tune with a world in which Britain and France had experienced the same movement she is today dangerously opposed to their present swing to the left. It makes no difference whether the political development in the United States be considered as intrinsically desirable or the opposite, on the domestic plane; the fact remains that divergence from the dominant tendency abroad constitutes a menace on the international plane.

Lloyd George's confidential memorandum to the Big Four at the time of Versailles noted, on the question of the treatment of Germany:

> A large army of occupation for an indefinite period is out of the question. Germany would not mind it. A very large number of people in that country would welcome it, as it would be the only hope of preserving the existing order of things.

That is the solution adopted today, although this shrewd observation is probably as true now as it was then.

"The Allied governments' fear of revolution was again their chief motive," Mr. Zilliacus reports, in the development of their erroneous policy towards Germany. These words are still valid. As a result of that fear, Sir Henry Wilson noted in his diary that "the war against the Boche is turning into a war against the Bolshie." He might repeat that observation today. The failure to consolidate the victory of democracy occurred chiefly because the winners "persisted in treating the Bolsheviks and the revolutionary unrest in the working class as though they were just as much their enemies as plutocracy and conservatism." Replace the last two nouns by "fascism" and that sentence is up to date too.

British labor, Mr. Zilliacus reminds us, obliged London to end its undeclared war against the infant Soviet government by refusing to load the munitions ships. It failed to make any such effective protest this time in the case of Greece, though it should be recorded that Mr. Zilliacus himself was not alone among Labor members of Parliament in protesting his own party government's policy. And, finally, to end a depressing parallel, in the first few years after World War I, "no state was rearming intensively, nor apprehended war."

That, lamentably, we are unable to say today.

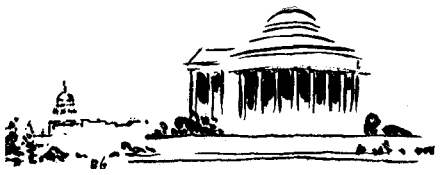
As McIntire Remembers Him

WHITE HOUSE PHYSICIAN. By Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 244 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

ROSS McINTIRE, who was Franklin Roosevelt's physician throughout his years in the Presidency, has written a medically documented and at the same time often moving book of recollections about him. But somehow, despite the doctor's candor and his medical reports, the book does not seem to me to dispel the continuing mystery about Roosevelt's health from late in 1943 until the April of 1945 when he died.

Knowing Ross McIntire, I am confident about every medical fact he presents. If he says, as he does, that there was nothing beyond weariness and loss of weight the matter with the President except a "moderate



arteriosclerosis" up to the time of his death, I do not question it. But as one of those who watched Roosevelt decline steadily and perceptibly to death from December 1943 to April 1945 I am confused.

I was one of those who wanted very much to believe that there was nothing the matter with Franklin Roosevelt. What Ross McIntire writes in this book is what he told me when, as press secretary to the President, I discussed the matter with him in connection with a story Roscoe Drummond, the well-known Washington correspondent, was planning to write about Roosevelt's health. That was just a couple of weeks before Roosevelt's death. But looking back as a complete layman, I know in retrospect that the man I saw go to Warm Springs was a man about to die—and that the approach of his death, imperceptible as it may have been to medical diagnosis, should have been visible to the naked eye.

Whatever may have been the matter—sheer weariness perhaps, and God knows there was reason enough for that—the steady decline of Roosevelt's health was heartbreakingly apparent to everybody around him from the influenza of December 1943 until he died. While he lived, of course, fears about him were always accompanied by hopes, too. His gaiety and his mental vigor often belied the signs of deterioration in the man. But—I doubt that the rumors in the country (malicious, irresponsible, and uninformed as most of them were) were any more widespread than the guarded fears among his friends. Certainly before he died those close around him understood that new procedures would be necessary in his Secretariat to guard and assist his waning physical powers.

Dr. McIntire, speaking as of Yalta, says that much of the talk about Roosevelt's declining health was occasioned by newspaper pictures. Toward the last, he thinks, the newspapers seemed to prefer pictures which were unflattering. "Many photographs taken at Yalta," he says, "were excellent, showing him alive and alert; but for the most part the papers printed flashlights that gave the President a ghastly pallor and accentuated the thinness of his face." That was true in some cases, notably of one picture generally circulated at the time of his speech accepting the 1944 nomination. But all the pictures taken at Yalta were made by the Army and none were released until they had been screened at the White House. The pictures which appeared after Yalta were not the worst but the best of the pictures taken.

Apart from the President's health, Dr. McIntire's book will be one of the many volumes of memoirs which added together will help historians shape the full Roosevelt story. Already it is apparent that not all those close to Roosevelt saw the same man. The story of Roosevelt's attitude toward Russia and Stalin and Churchill in this book is almost diametrically opposed to that related by Elliott Roosevelt in his recent controversial volume. There are other differences. Elliott reports that at Cairo in November 1943 McIntire, in discussing the flight from Cairo to Teheran, said that his father could not stand an altitude of over 7,500 feet. McIntire does not mention such fears in his book but reports the flight at great altitudes as one in which the President delighted.

There will be other books which will be more valuable in throwing light on the problems which Roosevelt faced. But this will certainly be one of the most essential books to all those who undertake to understand Roosevelt the man. As friend as well as physician, Dr. McIntire has told his story with both warmth and clarity. He has written from affection for history.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Knowing Man in His Entirety

THE HUMAN FRONTIER. By Roger J. Williams. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 314 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON BROWN

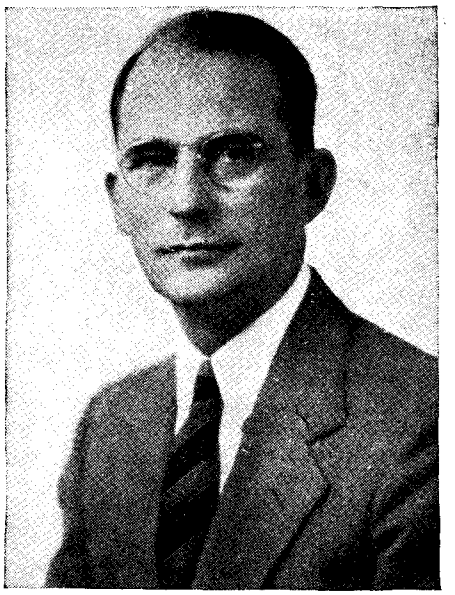
IT IS a sad commentary on both science and civilization that a vigorous plea urging the creation of a science of human beings should be necessary. At this late date in our civilization, when our very survival depends upon our solving tremendous problems of social organization, it is sobering to learn that there exists no concerted effort on the part of science to study the individual man, who necessarily is the fundamental component of any social organization.

Dr. Roger J. Williams, who discovered and synthesized one of the B vitamins, has written an eloquent plea, urging that this glaring and dangerous gap in the foundations of our society be remedied with dispatch. He points out that thus far man has been studied in pieces and not in his entirety, and that from these small separate pieces of information a biological robot, "man-in-the-abstract," has evolved. Man-in-the-abstract, who also travels under the names of Mr. Average Man and Statistical Man, is, of course, non-existent. Yet, our society is usually dealt with as though it were composed entirely of average men, and nothing else. Dr. Williams stresses that the result ". . . might be compared to furnishing an entire army with average-sized shoes."

Attempts to deal with people in society as if they were all alike are marked for nearly certain failure. Social structures are planned and built for people who are all alike, and those structures are then occupied by people who are all different from one another. Dr. Williams emphasizes the necessity of our learning more about these differences:

> . . . the roots of many conflicts and problems lie in the *differences* in appearance, *differences* in opinions, *differences* in attitudes, and *differences* in behavior on the part of members of the human family. Scientific study . . . must understand these differences, seek out their origins, and finally develop the means whereby we can adjust ourselves to them.

At the present time it is nobody's obligation, and nobody's business to know man in his entirety. In science, as in other professions, we are living in an age of specialization. The anatomist studies body structure, a physiologist might study digestion or the physiology of muscles (probably not both), a biochemist might study protein structure, a psychologist might study a certain phase of mental activity. But few research workers make it their business to engage in scientific study of individual men in their entirety. In view of this, Dr. Williams proposes that a new applied science, for which he suggests the name "humanics," be established. As visualized, the study would be of a practical nature, and the ultimate goal would be social welfare.



Roger J. Williams "proposes that a new applied science, for which he suggests the name 'humanics,' be established."

The new field of study would be of broad scope. Studies would be made on the relationships between many physiological and psychological traits, and the resultant character traits and social behavior of individual men. Efforts would be made to study causes and effects of individual likenesses and differences in widely separated functions, traits, and capacities. Many characteristics would be studied, such as metabolism, drug action, allergies, peripheral vision, color blindness, hearing, tonal memory, taste, smell, temperature sensitivity, intestinal motility, heart action, sleep requirements, thyroid and pituitary gland behavior, sex hormones, memory, emotions, facility with numbers, creativeness, orderliness, devotion, and acquisitiveness.

Approximately one-half of Dr. Williams's discussion consists of an analysis of the types of studies that should be made, and a very readable survey of the relationships that are already known or suspected. Although the author directs his discussion primarily toward scientists and scientifically informed laymen, persons without technical backgrounds will find much that will interest them, assuming of course that they have a desire to know why and what they are, and why they behave as they do.

The second half of the book is concerned primarily with the applications of humanics to social problems. The potential magnitude of the effects that might be produced, if an intelligent attack is made, is large indeed. Problems of marriage, education, religion, criminology, medicine, government, and international relations could be reduced in seriousness materially, if we but possessed a broader knowledge of the physiological and psychological reasons for our behavior as individuals.

One of the most intriguing sections of Dr. Williams's book is his discussion of the application of humanics to the difficult job of choosing and evaluating our leaders. Concerning this he says:

> I take the position that it would be desirable to know a great deal about the mental abilities and the psychological traits of anyone whom we put in a position of leadership. . . . Faked amnesia or faked blindness can be detected by electroencephalographic study. If the resources of science are called upon, it is not at all unreasonable to think that faked public interest and faked honesty of purpose could also be detected by suitable means.

Although this suggested application is tempting in the extreme, and could in itself lead us into a Golden Age, this reviewer would suggest that the possibility not be mentioned when the first Institute of Humanics requests government support for its research.

Valuable Edition

WALDEN. By Henry David Thoreau. With an Introduction, Interpretive comments and 142 photographs by Edwin Way Teale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 369 pp. $5.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

A SHORT time ago an admirable book of photographs of Walden Pond and vicinity was edited by Henry Bugbee Kane. Now comes the book "Walden" itself, with a good introduction by the nature writer Edwin Way Teale, and a different set of photographs. The Kane pictures were, on the whole, more beautiful as photographs; the Teale photographs are more interesting in their range. The books together would be a valuable addition to any library, or a fortunate present for a Thoreauvian. Here is one of the greatest of American books, well introduced, and superbly illustrated.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Problem for the Nation at Large

ALL BUT ME AND THEE. By Brigadier General Elliot D. Cooke. Washington: Infantry Journal Press. 1946. 215 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

CHIEF of Staff General Marshall asked General Cooke to write this book. "You have acquired some very broad knowledge on a practical level," said General Marshall, "You have also a unique method of expression which I believe would be understood and appreciated by a great many people." The chief was right. General Cooke has the gift of a novelist for character and for action and a fine virile humor. The broad knowledge is of the problem of the psychotic, the psychoneurotic, and the psychopathic characters in our wartime army—what they were like, what happened to them, and what happened to the organizations they belonged to. Early in the war, the chief of staff was worried by the number of men being discharged for psychiatric reasons, at one time a number larger than the number being sent to the Pacific. General Cooke and Colonel Ralph Bing, two old line officers, were selected to investigate the matter from the standpoint of the professional soldier.

Both professed intense ignorance, and to believe General Cooke, so open a mind that it did not include the spelling of the word "psychoneurotic." For allegedly simple "doughboys trying to get a look at psychiatry from the foxhole level" they were pretty clever. First of all, they went to a psychiatric hospital to orient themselves on the general problem. They found that the psychotics offered practically no organizational problem at all; they could simply be hospitalized. The patients diagnosed psychoneurotic were something else again, and to learn about what happened to them General Cooke and Colonel Bing traveled widely, from the camps where the new soldiers were being trained all the way to the front lines. Disguised as ignoramuses they asked everyone very pertinent and penetrating questions indeed that involved facts, figures, and procedures. They found out why one division was so good: the general got rid of all but the best men by the simple device of hospitalizing the others as psychoneurotics. It was easier to get rid of men that way than through other forthright procedures; this was called "racking up the eight balls." The tour went on the Services Forces, which were overfilled, to their detriment, by neurotic soldiers. Then the voyagers were sent to find out why certain football heroes and other noted athletes were discharged and then found very capably playing professional football and riding race horses.

A visit to the Eastern Processing Center, manned by jailers, which held all the men who deserted or went AWOL to avoid being sent to combat zones, started them on a long trail. Most of these men were psychopaths, and the commanding officer had sent two thousand all in a batch over to Africa as replacements. In Africa they were still psychopaths and a menace to themselves and their organizations. General Cooke and Colonel Bing went all the way to the front lines near Mateur to find out about them. The size and complexity of the problem by this time had become pretty impressive; how with so many men who could not fight would we have an army. General Cooke appealed to a chaplain to find out what God would do about it, and heard the story of Gideon and the famous screening out of the army that smote the Midianites. At this time the *Afrika Korps* surrendered, and, to judge from the defects turned up by his tour of inspection, it must have surprised the general very much. The trip home on the boat brought more psychiatric insight because of some trouble among the WAC's aboard who were being sent home for the good of the service. Finally the travelers went to see how "that piece of paper" was given at the Convalescent Hospitals where the psychoneurotics were sent for rehabilitation; and they thrashed out their findings with representatives of Air, the Surgeon General's Office, and G.I.

At the end General Cooke reports on what he had to tell General Marshall. He had much to say on how not to handle psychoneurotics, and a good many wise things to say about what the Army should do about them. With the point of view of General Marshall and General Cooke that the problem goes beyond the Army and that it is one for the nation at large to consider, all psychiatrists will surely agree. Perhaps it would help if the Army could persuade other authorities that peacetime research and peacetime education in regard to psychiatric methods is an excellent preparation for dealing with wartime problems. At any rate this book is full of an agreeable frankness, and a truth-telling that is all to the credit of the Army, its chief of staff, and the author.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FROM START TO FINISH

Edith Garfield Blanchard, of Tuckahoe, New York, asks you to identify these works of fiction and their authors by the location of the characters at the start and finish. Allowing 5 points for each title and 5 for each author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 24.

1. He hails us first as his ship sails into Marseilles; our last glimpse is of his white sails disappearing over the Mediterranean.
2. They fell in love in Gorizia, Italy; but the end came at Lausanne.
3. Her childhood was spent in Albany, New York; the end of the book finds her leaving England to return to Italy.
4. At Chiswick Mall, she has quite a career ahead of her; but at Cheltenham, finally, there's not much to look forward to.
5. We met her first in a Kentish town; we leave her settled contentedly in Yonkers, New York.
6. In the beginning he's a proud Midwesterner; but he's seeking happiness in Italy as he leaves the ship in the last chapter.
7. He was born at Harvie; it's nice to see him safe, finally, in Thrums.
8. We made the acquaintance of these characters in a dust storm; it's raining when we leave them, many miles from home.
9. Seeking shelter from the rain, we see her first near St. Paul's Church; we part from her in a drawing room, Chelsea Embankment.
10. New York — he's out of uniform and pleased to find a job; New York again — and even more pleased to be quitting that job.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His Faith Was As the Faith of Ten

THE SAINT AND THE HUNCHBACK. By Donald A. Stauffer. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 246 *pp.* $2.75.

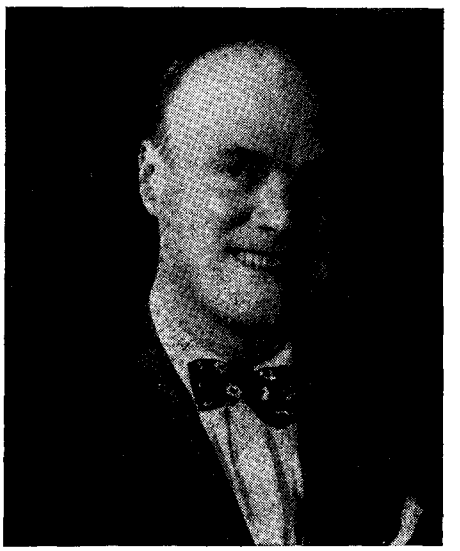
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

HAGIOLOGY records two saints by the name of Odo, both belonging to the first half of the tenth century, one of whom became Abbot of Cluny, the other of whom was elevated to the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury. But it is of another saintly Odo, unknown to history, that Mr. Stauffer writes: a monk of the School of Iona, that shining jewel of Gaelic Christianity, set in the Scottish seas, on the narrow, rocky, wind-tormented island to which Columba and his twelve monks came on Whitsun Eve in the year of Our Lord 563.

Here under Abbot Adamnan—St. Columba's most celebrated successor—this Odo performed his seventh-century monastic duties with youthful vigor and lively humor. Among these duties was the shaping of his own coffin from a solid slab of basalt, and it was while he was sociably engaged with several of his fellows in this laudable occupation (a task to which each monk brought his individual temper and sense of artistry) that all the trouble, or all the glory, started.

For the power of faith became a subject of discussion among the workers, and Odo, whose faith was as the faith of ten, announced that he could take the highest peak on Skye and set it down on the isle of Staffa, if only he chose to do so. But he did not choose. However, after some further discussion, he did consent to perform a minor miracle. Carrying his stone coffin to the cliff's edge, he dropped it into the sea, where it floated like a gull. Nor was this all. Once it was afloat he found that he could propel it in whatever direction he wished by the mere power of his thought; a discovery that he exploited with boyish pleasure, promising his friends cruises on the morrow. But then a small cloud crossed the sun of his happiness: a basalt coffin that skimmed over the waves like a bird was a miraculous object not to be concealed from Abbot Adamnan. Confession was in order. But a day's delay to confirm the miracle would be pardonable, so it was not until Odo had cicled Iona, with the hunchback Aelfric as his shipmate, that confession was made.

Whereupon, after much prayer, the abbot decided that Odo's doings were calculated to disturb the regular routine of Iona, and that he should therefore go into exile aboard his floating coffin, with Aelfric to bear him company and keep an eye on his behavior. So it happened. Straight towards Skye the coffin sailed, with "the Great Church on the larboard beam." It had not sailed far before it was revealed to Odo that he had been chosen for sainthood. But he needed no revelation to know that his choice had fallen upon an unfit and recalcitrant vessel. The world was so real and dear to him, and the life to come was so nebulous. If only little Aelfric, with all his natural saintliness, had been selected! But the best Aelfric could do was to promise that he would



Donald A. Stauffer "has written a diverting tale that is partially, if not wholly, more than diverting."

see his friend, so far as possible, through his ordeal. From then on, Odo's prime object in life was the acquisition of holiness.

This prime object, however, was not always the nearest to his eyes, with the result that progress along his destined path was made by fits and starts. Nothing could have been more commendable, from the point of view of Christian orthodoxy, than his cutting down of the Druid tree of the Hildings; nothing more praiseworthy than the conversion of the Hildings and their Druid priests. But his instruction of the lovely convert Princess Halga had consequences that set him back on the road to sainthood by a good many milestones, and his final treatment of Toadt proved that holiness was still somewhat ahead of him.

It was a hard road that Odo travelled, as Mr. Stauffer describes the journey, but saints' roads are seldom if ever easy. It is not ease that kindles virtue. Odo wished for the wisdom and goodness of Aelfric, while Aelfric yearned after "the skills and strength and stature and boldness" of Odo. Neither was content with himself as he was. Each aspired. And this is the moral of Mr. Stauffer's story: that aspiration is, in more than the literal sense, the very breath of life. Aspiration, which may be described as the "true use of desire." Listen to Aelfric on this subject, as he talks to the quondam Druid priests who are teetering between an old faith and a new:

> Desire is the planting of God and the seed of life. If a man's desires are so little that he rests satisfied in them, he is as happy as the grass-blade, and perhaps as good. If he has amputated his desires or buried them under the earth, he has become his own murderer and lives in a gray hell-hall unloving and unhating. If he has allowed his strong desires to conquer him and draw him where they will, his is the misery of a slave, and the value of a spark flying up from a soaring fire. Man's true use of desire is more difficult than any of these courses. He must remain himself, acting out all he can be and may be to the full, yet never losing or forgetting the terrible yearning toward that which he is not and cannot be. The pull is as ceaseless and powerful as that of the ocean tide toward the moon. Without impossible desire, no man is whole. The wholeness comes from knowing and wanting what he cannot be.

When pleasing miracles are well described, they always charm, for there is in most of us a child, however frowned upon and suppressed, who has a taste for miracles. Odo and his floating coffin will delight all but the most matter-of-fact readers, and, thanks to this, "The Saint and the Hunchback" gets off to a skimming start.

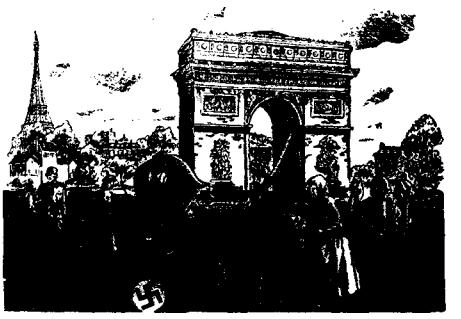
Following that there are many passages that hold the interest, many that entertain, many that invite thought; but the story moves unevenly, and, of all the talk, some is less engrossing than it might have been. No one can deny that Mr. Stauffer finished what he started—finished it with ease and skill and imagination. One may, however, suspect that he intended to write a book that could be taken, as a whole, more seriously than this one can be taken. Whether or not this suspicion is justified, he has written a diverting tale that is partially, if not wholly, more than diverting. He has exhibited, very attractively and at times impressively, other talents than those which were well exercised in his scholarly and useful studies of English biography.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nightmare Diary

THE LONG DUSK. By Victor Serge. Translated by Ralph Manheim. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 402 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH WECHSBERG



OF ALL the shocks of last decade's cataclysm the fall of Paris was perhaps the worst. Its reverberations were felt even in the remotest, most isolation-minded corners of the world. People whose conscience had never been troubled by well-publicized brutality, executions, concentration camps, were curiously angered by the notion of field-grey *Unteroffiziere* walking up and down the Champs-Elysées with their new French girl friends. Many of those people had never seen Paris but the occupation had upset their mental picture of the city—a city of lights, where everybody drank champagne, painted, danced on the streets, and commuted between the Grands Boulevards, Montparnasse, and, at night, Montmartre. A lot of books have been written and probably will be written about the moral and military collapse of France. We've had our share of angry reports by on-the-spot correspondents; we'll no doubt have our share of the broader viewpoint of historical novelists and historians. At the moment, there are the fictionized accounts of subjective experience. With a few exceptions these are drenched in bitterness, and Mr. Serge's is one of the bitterest.

Mr. Serge's Paris is not exactly the city of your nostalgic champagne dreams where everybody was having one hell of a time. But he knows what he is writing about. There is a great deal of Koestlerian disillusion in this story of the decay, fall, and the beginning of resurrection of France that begins in Paris, turns toward the Loire and the South, and winds up in Marseille and in the interior. This is a bitter, thoroughly unsentimental book, going beneath the superficial aspects. At times the author's keen perception, his ability to convey the twilight and frustration become almost painful, and one wishes that he'd give the reader a more cheerful breathing spell. But of course, there was hardly anything to be cheerful about.

The novel tells the stories of about a dozen people, with hardly any relation to one another. It appears haphazardly hung together, and the characters go into political sermons and philosophical editorializing which doesn't increase the readability of the book. Yet so intense is the mood of anger, fear, hatred, so strong the cynical and at the same time compassionate state of mind that they manage to blend the story into a whole. There is no protagonist in the conventional manner but an array of characters. Dr. Ardatov, old Russian revolutionary whose "transcendental optimism" grasps the confusing mysteries of disaster; the poet Cherniak, "who drank and probably took drugs, had suffered for sacrificed Vienna, for Prague, for burning Warsaw, for the ghettos, for the destroyed libraries"; Ortiga, Spanish anarchist, who thinks that "modern man goes to prison as he takes a train or bus"; Augustin Charras, strong, French, with the fists of a wood-cutter, who graduates from bourgeois mediocrity into understanding and eventual resistance, "I'll die and revive with what I love; France and I don't part." Félicien Mûrier, member of the Académie Française, found ultimate proof for his skepticism in a Gestapo cell; and, on the other side, Anselme Flotte, hotel owner, the kind of Frenchman who made us almost—almost—despair about France.

There is an impressive account of the night when Paris was "without light except in the underground crossroads," and the shape of things became blurred to the allegedly logical French under the twilight of slow disintegration. A sharp, piercing sidelight on the working of a communist cell inside an internment camp. The blow-by-blow description of the often-retold flight, "when the roads of France were given over to this movement of human ants heading for escape, a problematic safety, the unknown." The unknown is still there; the flight isn't over yet. On the last page of the book, after the words "The End," the author has added, ". . . but nothing is ended."

Indeed, it isn't.

Songs Before Sunset

Ben Ray Redman

I.

NOW comes a time for fundamental feeding:
It is not good that the eyes should see
what goes into the body,
It is not good that the carrion smell
should be under the nose:
A world taints the food, a world of our making:
It is not good that the palate should taste
The world in the food, in the butter, the bread:
That the living should know they are eating the dead.

II.

There in the tunnel, our elbows and knees
On the stones, head twisted and bent
To dodge the blows of the roof, we crawled
Frozen in space, dying in time,
Towards the tunnel's end: our bodies torn.
Towards the flicker of light at the tunnel's end,
Towards the single light, through the clogging years:
Reached it, and found, and blotted it out
With our blackness.

III.

How many heads in how many baskets,
How many bloody baskets in a row,
Does it take to make a happy picnic
For an idiot child?
How much heroic blasting and breaking,
Decomposition, finer and smaller,
Moving towards rubble, before there emerges
The unit of truth?
For it must, of course, be truth we are after:
Neat, that will lie on the palm like a pearl.
But perhaps this is not the right road,
Perhaps we should never have started from here,
Perhaps we should ask a policeman.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Very "English" Novel

THE RISE OF HENRY MORCAR. By Phyllis Bentley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 415 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

ALL THE while I was reading this new novel by Phyllis Bentley and after I had finished it and was trying to come to my conclusions about it, I kept thinking: this is a very English novel. This is, of course, literally and obviously true, in that Phyllis Bentley wrote it and it is written, lovingly written, about her native Yorkshire, but that is not quite what I meant. I was using the word "English" to myself in a special way, the way one uses a word in a private language. It is a way of writing and a way of thought which is not at all like the English novels written by W. Somerset Maugham, and certainly not like those of the younger crowd, Isherwood for instance, and not like Godden or any I can call to mind now except Arnold Bennett. Americans write novels about America but they are not "American" novels in the sense that I am using the word "English" to apply to Miss Bentley's books. In fact, it has been a cliché for a long time now: "The great American novel," which everyone is always waiting for, and which appears every few years and is acclaimed as such by pop-eyed publishers and myopic reviewers, and then sheds its two adjectives and the definite article in the cold, gray dawn of the decade after the night before. But there is a kind of Englishness to some English writing that is not like anything else, the kind that, when it imitates, imitates itself. A great many of our, and, by our, I mean American, novels, even the ones accepted as good, seem to have been written in a hurry, we want to get the story told, and told fast, and we want to save our breath for the high points. English writers like Phyllis Bentley write as though there were all the time in the world, and they were going to take it. As a result, though one may quarrel with the story, the book will have body, a real solidity. These are the virtues of this kind of writing: body, generous detail, a strong feeling for time and for tradition, a solid background with all the pieces put in where they belong, and a general, gentle, and genuine courtesy shown toward the reader; he will not be rushed, he will be permitted to breathe the atmosphere of the book, and to gain solidly, bit by bit, the feeling that the people he is reading about are the product of many more things than the immediate present; that they are the children of time. And with this there is the English feeling for English land. We in America have this feeling strongly but not nearly so deeply, and hence we do not write as well about it. But it is all over and through England, that feeling for old, long-held land, and it is one of the things a crofter can share with the bowlered man who takes the train every morning to the City. These things are in this kind of writing when it is at its best. At its worst, and there are examples I shudder to recall, it can be a boiled dinner with dumplings, gone cold, a glutinous, indigestible mass.

Phyllis Bentley, like all the rest of us, is at her best when she is in love; and she is truly and with all her heart in love with the Yorkshire country. Also, because she has a wide, deep, and expert and almost congenital knowledge of the Yorkshire textile trade (her father was a skilled cloth manufacturer, as was her mother's father), she writes about it with a craftsman's love and lucidity. Miss Bentley makes it seem a fine, creative, and wholly satisfying thing to make good cloth.

Her purpose in writing "The Rise of Henry Morcar" she has put simply and clearly in a brief prefatory note: "This story of a man's sheltered youth, his betrayal, defeat, fall, and regeneration through the sharing of common suffering and common service, runs parallel with the experiences of England during the period 1890-1945. . . . Some may think that Morcar in his last phase does not yet exist among West Riding manufacturers. For my part, however, I believe that numbers of him can be found." It is quite a load to put on one man, to make him be himself and England, too, particularly during a span of time as filled with event and bitter change as were those years. I, for one, think it would have been better if Miss Bentley had been content to allow Henry Morcar to be himself, and English, rather than England.

The story of Henry Morcar, told briefly and without the patterned worsted of Miss Bentley's fine detail, is introduced by a short prologue: "To Remember." It is 1944 and Morcar, a rich and spiritually impoverished man of fifty-four, is waiting in his London flat for the buzz-bomb which, by its sound, will blow him and two young women with him to eternity. As he crouches, his past life rushes before him: Henry Morcar "was born in the middle of the English middle class, the son and grandson of solid but not wealthy West Riding cloth manufacturers." The reader is shown his childhood, secure and merry, his

Eric Schaal—Pix.

Phyllis Bentley has the genuine "English feeling for English land."

education, his successful apprenticeship in the mill, where he finds a creative satisfaction and esthetic delight in his talent for design. The First World War robs him of his one true companion when his boyhood friend is killed at his side in France. His marriage to his friend's sister blights his life when she perversely tells him their child is not his. From that moment Morcar leaves her and bitterly vows to live only for himself. He becomes a powerful textile industrialist, and lives a life of selfishness softened only by his genuine love for his mistress, a sweet, ineffectual woman whose husband Morcar despises, but for whom he cynically affects friendship. The Second World War sobers and seasons Morcar and forces him to review his sense of values. And it is here that Miss Bentley, to me unconvincingly, tries to make him England. Finally, in a sentimental ending, he resolves to live for others, and, by implication, for England.

There is a dénouement or two, one of them, to further the image, made up out of whole cloth, which I have left for the author to tell. But this is the warp, if not the woof.

The most rewarding parts of "The Rise of Henry Morcar" are to be found in the first half and middle sections of the book: the richly re-created Yorkshire childhood and the story of the mill. It is when she insists upon making Morcar symbolic that he becomes elusive, a mannikin for her message, and this is when the Englishness of which I wrote becomes another kind of Englishness. You feel quite sure, at the book's end, that there will always be an England, and that is all right, too, but you wonder whatever became of Harry Morcar, of West Riding, in Yorkshire, whom you got to know so well and to like, before Munich.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strictly Personal

THE TWO NEVER MET

I AM reasonably certain that until a few years back few persons, if any, knew that at least ten of Hans Christian Andersen's popular fairy tales were first published in America, prior to their appearance in the author's native Denmark.

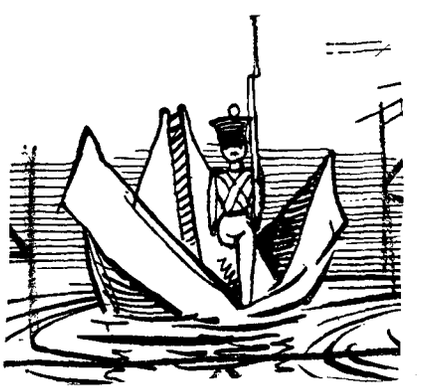
It was common knowledge that certain Andersen stories appeared in America between 1868 and 1870, in the Hurd and Houghton *Riverside Monthly Magazine for Young People,* since defunct. *Scribner's Monthly* published other stories in 1871 to 1873. Yet no one, generally speaking, knew that these were the first printings of the stories in any language.

Since I have been a collector of Andersen first editions, letters, and items concerning the great author's work for a number of years, it was only natural that I should, in time, come across the thirty-five unpublished letters written by Andersen to his American publisher, Horace Elisha Scudder. In turn, it was also inevitable that I should add the letters to my collection. Hence, when I was offered the prospect of purchasing the invaluable correspondence, I considered their acquisition a most important step in compiling a comprehensive collection of Andersen items. I shall admit that at the time I bought the letters I had scant knowledge of Mr. Scudder, and particularly of his literary achievements. However, I soon remedied that lack, and I have come to know and appreciate this fine American editor through his extensive works. I have found Mr. Scudder a most excellent author of children's books, often comparable to the great Andersen himself. One comes to realize the foundation for the editor's sensitive handling of his Danish contemporary's works.

Shortly after the end of the war in Europe and the resultant liberation of Denmark, I traveled to Copenhagen for the Danish-American relief agencies in America. While there I visited the Royal Library, where to my pleasant surprise I found fifty-one letters written by Scudder to Andersen during the period March 1862 to the early part of 1875. Together with the thirty-five letters from Andersen to Scudder, they provided excellent material for a study of the relationship between the two fine minds.

It might be well at this point to introduce Scudder to the reader, or, at least, to refresh his memory. Scudder was about twenty-four years old when he began to correspond with the eminent Danish writer concerning the possibility of translating some of his fairy tales into English for the *Riverside Monthly,* of which he was already editor. Born in Boston on October 16, 1838, son of a deacon, and youngest of a middle-class family, Scudder was descended from Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts. He was graduated from Williams College, where he had edited the *Quarterly,* and where he acquired a love for Greek.

Oddly enough, Scudder's first indications of a literary career were on



the creative side. He wrote three books in short order, one of which was a biography of his brother, a missionary of India. He gained a fair share of fame as a writer of stories for children, collected under the title of "Seven Little People and Their Friends" (1862) and "Dream Children" (1864). However, he soon turned to his life's work, as he so aptly describes it, as a "literary workman." An early association with Henry O. Houghton led to a position as manuscript reader and general editorial assistant. He remained with Houghton the rest of his life through the succession of firms which finally emerged as Houghton Mifflin Company in 1880.

Scudder was largely responsible for the launching of the *Riverside Magazine for Young People,* and for securing such noted contributors as Hans Christian Andersen, Frank R. Stockton, Jacob Abbott, Mary Mapes Dodge, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Sarah Orne Jewett. He worked hard and gave his best, mostly for labors unseen. Scudder rendered notable service as a pioneer in the provision of the best reading for the young, and also through the infinite patience and kindness of his dealings with a host of aspirants to authorship. Though he continued to write a number of books on his own, chiefly critical, biographical, and historical, and some children's books like the "Bodley Books," he devoted himself for the most part to his editorial work. His motto: *"Tout bien ou rien"* threaded every work with which he was identified; no task was too small for his best.

It is to Scudder that we in America owe a large debt of gratitude for the Andersen tales. His excellent editing evoked praise even from the hypercritical Andersen. Had it not been for Scudder's sensitive understanding, it is hardly likely that Andersen would have continued to supply him with fairy-tale material; less likely that the Danish author would have written exclusively, in this case, for American consumption.

Scudder catered to Andersen's every whim, and treated his fine work with the utmost respect. It was not long after they started corresponding that he was rewarded by having Andersen address himself to the editor as "excellent friend." Having come to know the sincerity of the author, I should regard the salutation as a mark of earnest admiration, and not a mere meaningless phrase.

As an example of the extent to which Scudder went to put the author at ease, it should be noted that the letters written by Andersen were in Danish, excepting three. The latter were translated by a friend, but, as often happens, difficulties in making oneself understood by means of a proxy, and the contingencies that arose from the unavailability of the interpreter, added to the burden of the author. Scudder had written to Andersen urging him to use his native tongue, a fact which was appreciated and mentioned in the communications.

Andersen also was careful to point out that he was heartened by the fact that his fairy tales had been so well rendered, complimenting Scudder on his knowledge of Danish and stating that he could really best express himself through that medium. Other letters attest to Scudder's excellent knowledge of the language.

Obviously, Horace Scudder's first letters to Andersen could be termed "fan mail." Since the Danish storyteller, during his more successful years, had received scores of laudatory letters from all over the world, Scudder's adoration did little to move him emotionally. In fact, it took Hans Christian Andersen six years to reply to his American friend's first letters. From March 1862 to March 1868,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scudder wrote four letters to Andersen without so much as receiving a courtesy reply.

In these first letters, all of which were certainly prompted by the American's great admiration for Andersen's work, Scudder mentions his own first critique of Andersen's stories, which was published in the *National Quarterly Review,* stressing his reverence for Andersen, and often referring to him as "the great classicist of his time." Humbly, Scudder mentions that he, too, has written a volume of stories which were inspired, to a great degree, by Andersen's inimitable "Marchen." With restrained pride he states in one of the earlier letters that he considered the highest praise ever paid him was being called "the Andersen of America."

It is significant in appraising Andersen's character that the author replied promptly to Scudder's first business overture in his letter of March 13, 1868, in which the American sought to induce Andersen to have his new material published in America. The proposal that the author would be paid five hundred dollars for twelve new stories, all to appear in the *Riverside Magazine for Young People,* sufficiently interested the famous Dane to elicit a prompt reply. This side of Andersen's character, one must admit, is understandable, since he on many occasions had found himself helpless to prevent foreign publishing interests from appropriating his works without paying him royalty. In many cases British publishing firms introduced Andersen to the world market without giving him a penny. Payment for the use of literary material already printed was not mandatory, since no international copyright agreements were in existence. Between 1868 and 1875 approximately $2200 was sent by Scudder, for his publishers, to Andersen.

Horace Scudder was editor of the *Riverside Magazine for Young People* from 1867 to 1870. During these three years he ordered and inspired the publication of new Andersen stories. Yet this was not the full extent of Scudder's publishing relationship with Andersen. The firm of Hurd and Houghton also made arrangements through Scudder to publish other Andersen works in book form. The first of these, mentioned in a letter from Scudder to Andersen on August 27, 1868, was to be an edition of Andersen's collected works. Scudder planned to consolidate the novels and stories for adult readers in one volume and the stories and tales for youngsters into a second. He stressed the fact that either volume could appeal to *all* people—that Andersen's stories had a sufficient universal attraction for adults to read stories written for the young with equal enjoyment.

As indicated throughout Scudder's letters to Andersen, the American publisher took great pains to insure authentic and effective translations of Andersen's works. This became a major problem in the assemblage of material prior to publication. Accordingly, Scudder spent a large part of his spare time studying the Danish language, in the hope that he would one day be able to make the translations himself.

Through their letters, the two men formed a great intellectual companionship which appeared to be a driving force for Andersen to assert intense literary virility in the last years of his life. Andersen's letters became more personal throughout the association, and the communications of his later years were often highlighted by memorable passages, many of which were classic examples of fine prose, regardless of language. Notable among these was the following paragraph:

> On April 2, as you know, I shall be sixty-nine years old. So I am approaching the seven times ten which the Bible sets as the mortal span of man's life. It is not going to occur to any childless rich man to close "The Story of My Life" by making me his heir, and moreover I have no time now to use large sums of money. I have, if God wills it, what I need; I have my need of daily bread and a hoard of wealth in my friends. The best of these have come to me through the years in all sincerity and honors. My little home is cozy and good, my life on earth a wonderful and delightful fairy tale, even in difficult days. May God who granted me so much happiness vouchsafe me a quiet, painless death. If, dear friend, you read before long that I have been called away, then keep me in pleasant remembrance, and know that I was devoted to you and grateful for all your faithful and sympathetic labors for me and my work. May God bless you and give you joy. Greet my friends.

Up to the time of Andersen's death, Scudder had sought to prevail upon him to visit America, but to no avail. The two never met. Andersen often referred to the possibility of his visiting the United States, although he never mentioned a specific date. In his later letters to Scudder, Andersen described his visits to European countries, and, with due modesty, always referred to his popularity in the capitals of culture.

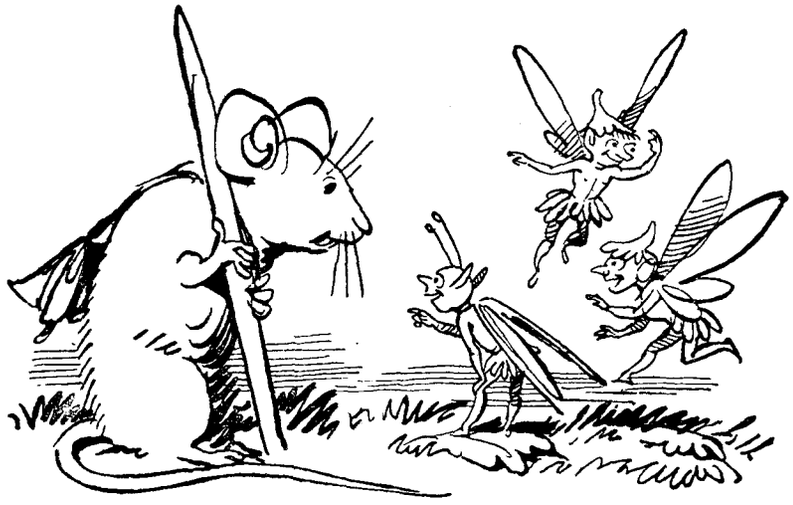
A list of Scudder's more successful books includes the following:

"Seven Little People and Their Friends" (1862)
"Dream Children" (1864)
"Stories From My Attic" (1869)
"The American Commonwealth Series" (1879)
"American Poems" (1879)
"Bodley Books" (eight volumes, 1875 to 1887)
"The Dwellers in Five Sisters' Court" (1876)
"Boston Town" (1881)
"Life of Noah Webster" (1882)
"A History of the United States" (1884)
"Men and Letters" (1887)
"Life of George Washington" (1889)
"Literature in School" (1889)
"Childhood in Literature and Art" (1894)

As a craftsman, Scudder's care and method were consistently precise. He worked chiefly at home, and always assigned himself a scheduled number of hours for each task. This budgeting of time was one of the most important factors in his literary success. The prodigious amount of his published works is eloquent proof of his intense capacity for literary labor.

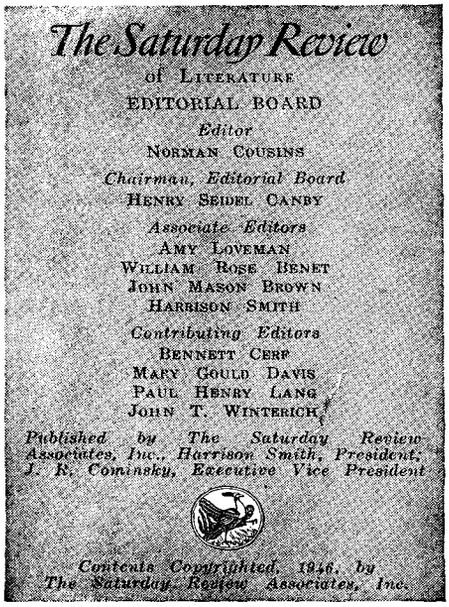
Scudder's appreciation of fine literary quality made him the ideal editor to introduce Andersen's new works to America. A close study of his letters to Andersen proves fully the eagerness and integrity with which he applied himself to his artistry.

JEAN HERSHOLT.



—Illustrations from "Andersen's Fairy Tales" translated by Jean Hersholt.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

THE Articulation Committee of the National Council of Teachers of English, reporting on a recent nation-wide survey of English instruction in the schools and colleges of the country, has expressed grave concern as to what they consider the sorry conditions prevailing in the field. "There is a profound conviction," they find, on the part "of administrators, high school teachers, and college professors that students today do not speak understandingly or read well." It needs no argument to convince all thoughtful persons that such a condition, bad at any time, is in this day of enormous problems not only a matter for concern but of immediate moment to the welfare of the world. Clear thinking, the ability clearly to express thoughts, is an absolute preessential to national safety and progress. In a time when every shade of thought may be of importance, it is a calamity to have a body of citizens growing up who are incapable properly of interpreting what they read, incapable of precisely and effectively expressing their opinions and reactions. Surely it is one of the prime responsibilities, as it is one of the first obligations, of our educational institutions today to equip the young people of the nation to take their part in the general give and take of ideas, to so train them that they are able to read beyond the mere surface import of words on a page, that they are able to use language with nicety and precision.

The teachers themselves place the responsibility for the inadequacies of their students in large part on the pressure under which they themselves labor and the failure of the present-day system to dovetail instruction in such fashion as to make the study of English a logical and steady progression from year to year. Doubtless they are right so far as they go, but is it not possibly true that the fault lies to an equal extent in the fact that English, which is and should be taught as a special subject, should also be taught as an intrinsic part of every other, and is still too exclusively confined to the sphere of literature? That it is still too much the concern of those who are teaching writing in specific relation to letters and as a form of letters and not enough a subject which should be an essential concomitant of every field of instruction?

In the present era of scientific and technological advance it is natural and inevitable that special vocabularies should arise whose meaning is incomprehensible or perplexing to the many. But the main body of knowledge is capable of translation into language understandable by the educated, and it is the function of the school and the college to see first, that it is so understandable because it is presented to the student in a fashion to appeal to the mind and the imagination, and second, to teach him to convey the meaning of what he has learned clearly and effectively to others. It is far too general a practice in our institutions of learning to ignore, outside of literature courses, the manner in which the student couches the information he is acquiring. So long as stress goes entirely on the facts he is amassing and not at all, or hardly at all, upon his ability explicitly and interestingly to transmit them, just so long will we have the deplorable condition of which the teachers of English complain.

Good writing and effective speaking rest in the first instance on good thinking. And there is no better way to enhance understanding and to clarify thought than to give them verbal expression. We pride ourselves today upon the wide dissemination of reading, and on the mass of general information made available to the public by press, lecture platform, and radio; yet the very variety and prodigality of such information presents a threat to our society. "They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve on nothing." Undigested knowledge is no knowledge at all but that little learning which is a dangerous thing. The lesson is but half taught which is so taught that the student cannot himself explain it. And he cannot rightly explain it unless he has been so trained that he realizes the value of words, that he can use them not only with exactness but with respect for the effects which they can produce, with a belief in their potency for argument and action. If the world is to be saved from disaster it is going to be on the basis of good thinking, and then only if good thinking can be brought within the understanding and made to appeal to the imagination of the multitude. It is not enough to pack the minds of our youth with facts; they must be facts which have meaning and application for them, which they use as a basis for their relations with others, which they cannot only hold but present. Reading, writing, and speaking are not acquirements for the cloister but for the market place; to be fully useful men must be not only thoughtful but articulate. It is the business of all our educators, whether they are teaching English, or economics, or business procedure, or science to make the nice use of language a requirement of their courses. So only will their pupils learn to think clearly and to explain themselves with clarity and effectiveness to their fellows. And unless the members of nations everywhere learn both to comprehend and talk to one another, we will be fallen on evil days indeed. A. L.

From an Airplane

By Christopher Morley

I SAW my youth, a moment, from the sky:
The secret mountain water of Warm Pond
Where, summer 1909, some boys and I
Camped and fished and swam—Right there! Beyond
That sandy beach we first slept under stars
And never dreamed what time was bringing on.
What did we know of weariness and wars?
Stewardess, look!—Slow, pilot!—No, it's gone.

We were too green to know, in 1909,
The intricate disaster of men's ways.
Great shocks, romantic seizures well expressed,
We counted on, of course; but never guessed
The little slow abrasives of the days.

Lost and fouled, pellucid? If so, all can sign:—
The fault, as much as anyone's, was mine.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Campaign Against White Book

SIR: I am delighted at the naivete of the letter of Ella Winter [*SRL*, Nov. 30] in reply to my suggestion that it might be profitable for society to know that there is an organized underground campaign against the William L. White book. But even so trusting a soul as Miss Winter must distinguish between movements which are spontaneously inspired by "indignation from the human heart" and those in which the "indignation" is not self starting, but is inspired by anonymous persons. I wonder if Ella Winter is really opposed to having published in the *SRL* a complete statement as to funds received and spent in organizing the campaign against the White book and any other books thought worthy of attack to the extent of sending telegrams, cables, etc. I would defend any movement's right to send cables and spread its point of view. On the other hand I think that the public has the right to know who is back of "what is what" in a democracy. This goes for more than just attacks on books. Maybe Miss Winter would agree that it might be wholesome for society to have disclosure of income and disbursements for such groups as Gerald K. Smith, the Ku Klux Klan, and the like. For my part I think the nation would profit by legislation for full disclosure with respect to *all* activities of *all* groups that enter the marketplace of thought.

MORRIS L. ERNST.

New York, N. Y.

"Kaputt"

SIR: Having seen the recent advertisement for Curzio Malaparte's "Kaputt," I wonder whether, in reviewing that book, I wasn't wrong, after all, when I was sticking to my self-imposed rule never to argue with publishers' blurbs.

Actually, I was quite shocked when I got my copy of "Kaputt," and saw a book by Curzio Malaparte blurbed without as much as a single reference to the turbulent fascist past of its author. I was doubly puzzled as I found out that Malaparte was no newcomer to the firm of Dutton's. They published his first book in 1932. Surely they must have known everything "about the author."

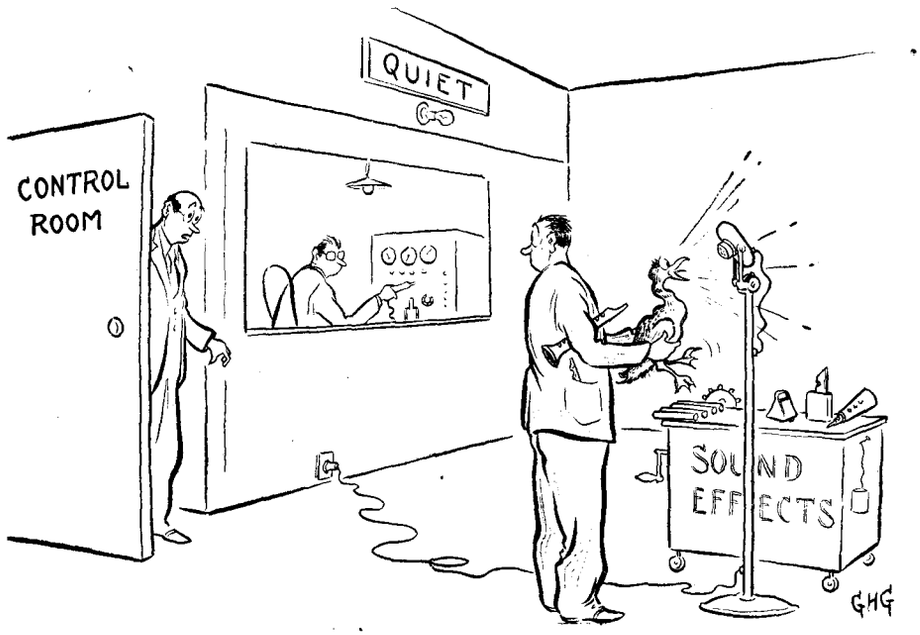
Now most reviewers — yours included—tried to make up for Dutton's omission, and told their public what they knew about Malaparte's record, or had come to learn of it in the course of their assignment through sources other than the brilliant semi-autobiographical book under review. Thereupon its publishers rather indignantly declared they "believe that Malaparte's political morals have nothing to do with the greatness of 'Kaputt'." If they do so, why didn't they say so first? Why didn't they at least have a straight biographical note printed on the dust cover, instead of tightfacedly introducing Malaparte to the American public as "a diplomatist, war correspondent and author"?

What the matter boils down to is this. Hasn't a publisher who tries to sell the book of a Fascist, one-time Fascist, one-time-or-another Fascist, or reformed Fascist, some kind of obligation to say what sort of man his author happens to be?

I don't believe that the readability, the brilliance, or for that matter the "greatness" of any such book can have a bearing on *that* question. No reviewer would think of squaring an author's Black Shirt record with his artistic accomplishments by passing over the former in silence. That I didn't do so in the case of "Kaputt" becomes abundantly clear from my review in your November 16 issue—although much less so, I'm afraid, from the quotations handpicked from it by the publishers for their ad.

ROBERT PICK.

New York, N. Y.



"It *still* doesn't sound like a duck!"

SIR: Robert Pick's review of Curzio Malaparte's "Kaputt" struck me as one of the most intelligent and fair-minded among all the reviews that have appeared on this book. In his review Mr. Pick very clearly differentiated between the quality and the total effect of the book and the personality and political antecedents of the author. In fact nothing can summarize his attitude any better than the last sentence of his review: "You have to read it yourself—if, that is, you don't mind, to begin with, spending your time on a brilliant, a very brilliant book done by a man of very controversial personal traits."

I am sorry, therefore, to learn that Mr. Pick now feels that he made a mistake in not taking issue with the blurb which appeared on the jacket. On this point I am in complete disagreement with him. To my way of thinking, the function of a critic is to judge each book on its own merits. Occasionally, it seems to me, it would be healthier if the critics knew nothing about the author of a book which they are about to review. In that way they would not be impressed by big names, or affected by friendships and prejudices.

Every review copy which left this office was accompanied by a letter from me calling the reviewer's attention to the fact that several years ago we published Malaparte's "Coup d'Etat, the Technique of Revolution." As far as Mr. Malaparte's political past is concerned his book "Kaputt" speaks for itself, and no one who has read it can be sufficiently naive not to be aware of it. In performing his duty to the public Mr. Pick emphasized the author's past in his review. But I do not see how we or any other publisher can undertake to warn the reading public about the "controversial personal traits" of any of our authors.

NICHOLAS WREDEN,
Vice President,
E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

New York, N. Y.

Where is Louis Nicholas?

SIR: George Arms's excellent piece on extended clichés, and other deviations from the formal reminds me of similar reworkings that were done by Louis Nicholas when he was book editor of the *Philadelphia Record* a few years ago. Among several brilliant ones I recall two: in reviewing an English novel that was spotty in literary quality but pretty erotic, Mr. N. said of the author: "When he's good, he's very, very good; and when he's bad, he's torrid." Also, he used to speak of someone leaving a gathering "in low dudgeon—which is what you have to shift into if you're indignant on a hill."

By the way, can you or any of your readers tell me where Mr. Nicholas is now?

L. C. MESSOLONGHITES.

New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

TO THE LADIES

"AND I shall see/ Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness/I' th' posture of a whore." This was among Cleopatra's fears, her proper fears, when, as Caesar's prisoner in her own Alexandria, she imagined the indignities which might befall her were she to be displayed as a captive in Rome. As such a fear, it was one of her reasons for reaching for the asp and applying locally that "pretty worm of Nilus" which "kills and pains not."

These lines, however, speak for more than a threatened queen. They speak volumes about the Elizabethan stage, and the boy actors who then played women's parts. The boy appearing as Cleopatra must himself have risked a laugh by daring at a tragic moment to mock the very convention which made it necessary for him to impersonate a queen at all.

From the point of view of our playhouses as we know and enjoy them, perhaps the most important stage direction in the history of the English theatre was the famous one in Sir William D'Avenant's "The Siege of Rhodes" which reads, "Enter Mustapha, Ianthe veil'd." Mustapha was, of course, a mere male, a henchman of the mighty Sultan Solyman. But when Ianthe, "the Sicilian flower," spoke on the stage of London's Rutland House in 1656, a woman's voice was heard. For the first time in a heroic role before English-speaking playgoers. At least, according to the scholars. Elsewhere women had already turned mummers. But Britain was conservative. Unlike Italy and France, she was a man's country.

What Mrs. Coleman, the actress in question, looked like is unknown, since no portraits of her appear to have survived. Her very name is almost forgotten. Nevertheless, she deserves more recognition than she has received at history's hands. Among those who have changed the future's course by being first to do this or that, this Mrs. Coleman was no minor pioneer.

Anyone doubting the width of the wake which has trailed her skirts has only to consider our contemporary stage. Its petticoats carry such authority at the box office that it is impossible for us to conceive of a theatre which once upon a time was all pantaloons. Many of us have read of the beauty of Edward Kynaston, the last of the famous boy actresses. "The loveliest lady that I ever saw in my life," Pepys called him. And, on the subject of women, Pepys was something of a Sir Hubert.

Even so, we nowadays look back on the Kynastons with grave suspicion. If they were acceptable to audiences, it was as the candle was to those who had never known the electric light. We take women for granted on the stage. I mean their presence there. Accordingly, we cannot abide the thought of Juliet, Rosalind, Ophelia, Portia, Lady Macbeth, Desdemona, or any of Shakespeare's heroines, being played by boys.

We don't want the Hasty Pudding or the Princeton Triangle—or for that matter Mei Lan-Fang—to take over Fair Verona, Titania's woods, or Cleopatra's barge. We would hate to contemplate the damage done to the works of modern dramatists if all their feminine characters were bound to be at the mercy of some Julian Eltinge. "Charley's Aunt" is funny enough as an old-fashioned farce; as anything else, we would find it unbearable. And whistle for the constables.

But neither we nor the gendarmes have to worry. Actresses are here to stay. If they were not, we would stay away from the theatre in droves. When we thank our stars as contemporary playgoers, more often than not it is women to whom we are indebted. Our stage, like our democracy, is something of a matriarchy. What was once a man's profession is now one men halve with females. One need not be a Southern colonel to say, "The ladies, suh, supply the more glamorous half."

Broadway boasts its hundreds of capable male performers. They are as indispensable to illusion as men everywhere are to the continuation of the race. As actors, they are a dependable lot. Often, as in the case, say, of Percy Waram, Leo G. Carroll, Dudley Digges, and Oscar Homolka, they are much more than that. But most of them are "character" men.

Only a few present-day actors—players such as Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Noel Coward, Maurice Evans, Alfred Lunt, Louis Calhern, Fredric March, Burgess Meredith, and now perhaps José Ferrer—can claim those magnetic

Vandamm Studio.

"The cleanliness of Ingrid Bergman's spirit is truly next to godliness. She contrives to make innocence exciting and virtue interesting."

names which, by merely glittering on a marquee, are guarantees that audiences will be attracted, with their hopes high and centered on the individual performer to be seen. And four of these are Britishers, who come to us only from time to time as visitors.

AT present it is the women who outnumber the men as drawing-cards. Katharine Cornell, Ethel Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Tallulah Bankhead, Gertrude Lawrence, Judith Anderson, Mady Christians, the Gishes, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Betty Field, Margaret Sullavan, Helen Hayes, Ina Claire, and Ingrid Bergman—these are some of the descendants of Mrs. Coleman, whose names spell magic not only at the box offices of our legitimate theatres but in the auditoriums beyond them.

If I put Miss Hayes, Miss Claire, and Miss Bergman at the end of such a list, I do so for obvious reasons. Recently, the three of them have in their different ways done much for three plays which could not get along without them—Miss Hayes for Anita Loos's "Happy Birthday," Miss Claire for George Kelly's "The Fatal Weakness," and Miss Bergman for Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine."*

* *HAPPY BIRTHDAY, by Anita Loos. Presented by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Directed by Joshua Logan. Scenery by Jo Mielziner. With a cast including Helen Hayes, Louis Jean Heydt, Enid Markey, Ralph Theadore, etc. At the Broadhurst.*

THE FATAL WEAKNESS, by George Kelly. Presented by The Theatre Guild. Directed by Mr. Kelly. Setting by Donald Oenslager. With a cast including Ina Claire, Margaret Douglass, Jennifer Howard, and Howard St. John. At the Royale.

JOAN OF LORRAINE, by Maxwell Anderson. Presented by The Playwright's Company. Directed by Margo Jones. Settings by Lee Simonson. With a cast including Ingrid Bergman, Sam Wanamaker, Romney Brent, Kevin McCarthy, and Harry Irvine. At the Alvin.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, John Conte, Jean Casto, Alice Tobin
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • David Burns • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Smash COMEDY Hit by...
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
STATE OF THE UNION
1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
Produced by LELAND HAYWARD
★ New York—Hudson Theatre
★ Chicago—Blackstone Theatre
★ Los Angeles—Biltmore Theatre

"A TUNEFUL HIT!"—Coleman, Mirror
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Smash Hit Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
IN NEW YORK—NATIONAL THEATRE
41st St. West of B'way. Mats. Wed. and Sat.
and ON TOUR
BOSTON—SHUBERT THEATRE
"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!"—LIFE MAG.

MAX GORDON
presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The Nation's Brilliant Comedy Smash
by GARSON KANIN
NEW YORK • Lyceum Theatre
BOSTON • Wilbur Theatre

Miss Loos's comedy about a drab librarian who achieves what for her is a new kind of illumination in a Newark bar is really no play at all. It is merely an invitation for Miss Hayes to take a vacation from Balmoral and Holyrood and prove (as if it needed proving), what a superlatively skilful and human performer she truly is.

There are other actors on the stage in "Happy Birthday"—a bistroful of them. And Jo Mielziner's set, which alters to indicate the little librarian's mounting alcoholic content, is rich in imagination. Yet none of these seem to matter. Miss Hayes is the evening, the whole evening, and the evening would be nothing without her. She refutes the adage, and does come very near to making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Though surrounded by people to whom she is graciousness itself, a monologist could not be more solitary than she is. And none has ever put on so complete a show.

It is easy to relish her skill, but it is hard to describe her irresistible appeal. Most outstanding actresses capture the imagination because of what is exceptional in them; because of some quality of looks and spirit which is theirs, and theirs alone. Miss Hayes, however, is different. Although her technical skill is phenomenal, she conquers all of us because of what I can only describe as her radiant averageness. She is Everywoman; Everywoman as she might be if only she had been born a genius; Everywoman dipped in phosphorus, and with her girlhood still shining through her maturity. It is amazing to see not only how she creates drama in this absent play, but how she manages to lend magic to all the clichés about the churchmouse-on-a-spree which are her assignment in Miss Loos's comedy.

Miss Claire is, of course, the most accomplished comedienne our theatre knows. Anyone who remembers her in "Polly with a Past," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Our Betters," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "Grounds for Divorce," or "Biography" is accustomed to blinking happily in the presence of her effulgence. If one does not blink continuously at her performance in "The Fatal Weakness" of the Mrs. Espenshade whose husband is unfaithful to her, it is because Mr. Kelly's comedy is a very minor, old-hat affair. It has its adroit touches which are as shrewd and knowing as only Mr. Kelly is capable of supplying. Even so, it is palpably such a slower version of the same old infidelity play which has been seen so many times that what is most surprising about it is that Miss Claire should have chosen to appear in it.

Do not misunderstand me. She does

"Practically the Perfect Musical Comedy"
—GIBBS, The New Yorker
MAX GORDON Presents
LEONORA CORBETT • ARTHUR MARGETSON
In the New Hit Park Avenue
with RAYMOND WALBURN
MARTHA STEWART • RAY McDONALD • MARY WICKES
Book by Nunnally JOHNSON & Geo. S. KAUFMAN
Lyrics by Ira GERSHWIN
Music by Arthur SCHWARTZ
SHUBERT—44 St. W. of B'y • Mats. Wed., Sat.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER
in Lady Windermere's Fan
by OSCAR WILDE
with PENELOPE WARD
JOHN BUCKMASTER • REX EVANS
DAVID MANNERS
and ESTELLE WINWOOD
Staged by CECIL BEATON—Directed by JACK MINSTER
CORT Thea. 48th St. East of B'way. BR 9-0046
Evgs. at 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

"A Piece of Bold, Unusual Theatre."
—TIME Magazine
HERMAN LEVIN and OLIVER SMITH present
No Exit
A New Play by JEAN-PAUL SARTRE
Adapted by PAUL BOWLES
ANNABELLA • CLAUDE DAUPHIN • RUTH FORD
Directed by JOHN HUSTON
BILTMORE THEA., 47th St. W. of B'way
Evgs. at 9:00. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 3:00

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40 & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

"Infused with excitement and eloquence. A show to gladden the season." Barnes, Herald Tribune.
JOSE FERRER in
CYRANO de BERGERAC
Frances Reid • Ralph Clanton
Hiram Sherman • Paula Laurence
Francis Compton • Ernest Graves • William Woodson
BARRYMORE Thea. 47 St. W. of B'way. CI 6-0390
Evs. incl. Sun. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun. at 2:30
2 PERFORMANCES EVERY SUNDAY

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the VOICE of the TURTLE
BEATRICE PEARSON • ALAN BAXTER • VICKI CUMMINGS
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:35. Mats. Wed & Sat.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"A hit-filled musical . . . bright, glittering, lots of fun."
—Eileen Creelman, Sun.

"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

in TECHNICOLOR

June Allyson—Lucille Bremer
Judy Garland—Kathryn Grayson
Van Heflin—Lena Horne
Van Johnson—Angela Lansbury
Tony Martin—Virginia O'Brien
Dinah Shore—Frank Sinatra
Robert Walker

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE

The Music Hall's far-famed Christmas holiday spectacle, "THE NATIVITY" . . . and a festive new Yuletide revue, "GOOD SHIP HOLIDAY" . . . produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine. Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

"Great as drama, lively and lovely as comedy." —Sun

"The BEST Years of Our Lives"

ASTOR BROADWAY AT 45th ST.
Continuous Performances

incredible things in it. In its darkest moments she shines like a candle made of diamonds. Where there is no comedy, she creates some. She creates it by the machinegun rapidity of her speech, by the contagious smile which keeps dancing in her eyes, by the tossings of her head, and the mere twinkle of her personality.

The light Miss Claire sheds as a sophisticate shares only in its brightness any resemblance to the light shed by Miss Bergman as an innocent. Miss Bergman's Joan glows with that most illusive of qualities—sheer, shimmering, peasant goodness. If it is impossible not to believe that she hears voices, it is no less impossible for us to believe that we are not hearing one when we hear hers. Her Joan does not have to wait until 1920 to be canonized. She is canonized in Miss Bergman's performance.

Six years have passed since Miss Bergman appeared here in "Liliom." During these celluloid years of hers the world has lost its heart to her, and considered it well lost. During these years, too, she has grown as an actress. Not surprisingly, her Julie in Molnar's play was charming to look at. It had a nice quality and was nicely enough acted. Still it lacked the smoldering passion and the abnegation Miss LeGallienne brought to the part. It was, as we recall it, so ruddy, well-fed, and apple-cheeked throughout that it was hard to believe in the passive proofs of Julie's devotion. In the intervening years Miss Bergman has grown in skill no less than beauty. Away from the camera she can still have her slightly awkward moments and seem as guileless as a high school girl. But such is her sincerity that, for once, it becomes both a substitute for technique and a technique in itself.

The play Mr. Anderson has written about the visionary maid who hailed from Domremy is bound to be a haunted script. It is fated to be so because, for most playgoers, Saint Joan belongs as surely to Mr. Shaw as Christmas does to Dickens or Woollcott. In spite of its Shavian ghost, however, "Joan of Lorraine" is an acceptable drama; the best Mr. Anderson

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Count of Monte Cristo," by Alexandre Dumas. 2. "A Farewell to Arms," by Ernest Hemingway. 3. "Portrait of a Lady," by Henry James. 4. "Vanity Fair," by William M. Thackeray. 5. "Cakes and Ale," by Somerset Maugham. 6. "Dodsworth," by Sinclair Lewis. 7. "The Little Minister," by James M. Barrie. 8. "The Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck. 9. "Pygmalion," by Bernard Shaw. 10. "The Hucksters," by Frederic Wakeman.

KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN presents
"Lillian Hellman's fifth smash hit"
—LIFE Magazine

"Another Part of the Forest"

PERCY|WARAM : MILDRED DUNNOCK : LEO GENN
FULTON, W. 46th St. Eves. 8:40 Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Paramount Presents
BETTY HUTTON
SONNY TUFTS
"CROSS MY HEART"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
IN PERSON
ANDREWS SISTERS
TONY PASTOR
and his orchestra
PLUS
LES PAUL and his TRIO
Times Square PARAMOUNT Midnight Feature Nightly

20th Century-Fox announces the
WORLD PREMIERE ENGAGEMENT
of The Most Important Motion Picture of the Year
Tyrone Power • Gene Tierney
John Payne • Anne Baxter
Clifton Webb • Herbert Marshall
in
Darryl F. Zanuck's production of
W. Somerset Maugham's
THE RAZOR'S EDGE
Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck
Directed by Edmund Goulding
Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
plus
BIG IN-PERSON STAGE SHOW
ROSARIO & ANTONIO
BOB HANNON • EMMA OTERO
SENOR WENCES
NOW
ROXY

THE CHRISTMAS STORY
St. Matthew and St. Luke

WHY WOMEN OVER-RATE LOVE—
Dr. Karen Horney

WHO IS A NEGRO?—
Gunnar Myrdal

FATHER DISAPPROVES OF ILLNESS—
Clarence Day

MUSIC'S SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST—
Deems Taylor

THE MALE, ALAS!—
Ilka Chase . . . .

Enjoy these and a wealth of the best reading of all time in December

ENCORE

on sale now at all leading newsstands.

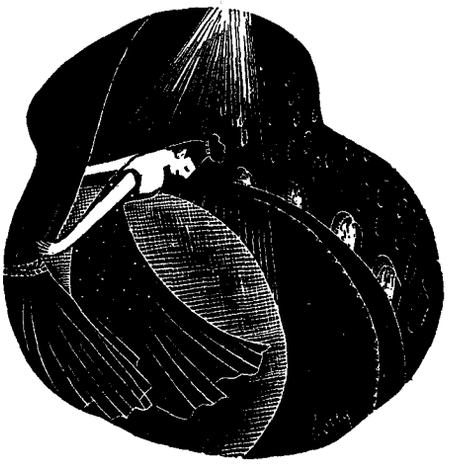
25¢ a copy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has written in many seasons. It varies the usual formula for the Joan story by employing the device of a play-within-a-play. It shows a group of actors at their rehearsals, as they prepare for the production of a drama about Joan. Against her abhorrence of the Dauphin's compromises, it sets the compromises the management must face. It is a study in faith; in the miracles that take place in the temple Mr. Anderson sees the theatre as being no less than those which occurred during Joan's campaigns.

Acceptable as Mr. Anderson's script is, and genuinely assisted as is Miss Bergman by the Director-Inquisitor of Sam Wanamaker and the Dauphin of Romney Brent, it is she who matters most. Hers is an uncommon quality. She can claim none of the moonlit attributes of Miss Cornell. She is the daughter of noon, not midnight; a daffodil rather than an orchid; a subject for Millet instead of the Blue Picasso. The cleanliness of her spirit is truly next to godliness. She contrives to make innocence exciting and virtue interesting. Indeed, Miss Bergman is physically, facially, and spiritually so perfect a Maid of Orléans that all one misses in her performance are words comparable to those incomparable words which Mr. Shaw wrote for his Joan to speak when, tearing up the recantation she had signed, she said:

> It is no hardship to drink water if the water be clean. Bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness, and keep me from everything that brings me back to the love of God when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him: all this is worse than the furnace in the Bible that was heated seven times. I could do without my warhorse; I could drag about in a skirt; I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost, and the blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your counsel is of the devil, and that mine is of God.



Without meaning to do so, Mr. Shaw wrote the best review that has been written of Miss Bergman's Joan of Lorraine when he wrote these words for his own Saint Joan. Miss Bergman is one more reason to be thankful that the theatre of "squeaking Cleopatras" is far, far behind us all.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 183

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 183 will be found in the next issue.

AYG RDFEQIZ, EMYDLM

FMZ'F KPQXEZW VTQXW, QF

EY EMZ BZPSZG FQWZ

QXITQX'W.—MDWQVGPF.

—FPUDZT VDETZG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 182

God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Sonnets from the Portuguese.

Three Long Short Stories

THE WIND AT MY BACK. By Victoria Lincoln. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 234 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY C. BENÉT

IT has been some time since "February Hill," with its first of a line of swearing, hard-boiled grandmothers. Although Miss Lincoln has not done much work in that period, what she has done, as exemplified by these three stories, has deepened and matured. The sketches in "The Wind at My Back" are referred to as "three short novels." They might more accurately be called three long short stories. Though these have the readable quality of good magazine fiction, they have a deeper implication than the general run of such fiction. Not one may be said, strictly speaking, to have a happy ending.

The theme in each case is an emotional awakening of some kind, a spiritual development. It occurs to her characters at different ages and under widely different circumstances. "Before the Swallow Dares" is a story of young love, the first brush of passion. Caroline Arnold, seventeen, is part of the little, conventional world of a summer colony when she meets Charlie Carpenter who does not think about things as her neighbors do. He brings in something from another sphere and her life will never be quite the same after this experience. The description of the 1920's here is very good. "In Another Country" makes the development come later. A smart, worldly, wisecracking couple break up their marriage against the rocks of reality, in the English countryside. "The Wind at My Back," in spite of the fact that it is the name story, I found less convincing than the other two. Here a fifteen-year-old orphan girl finds more satisfaction in a squatters' colony than with her well-meaning, kindly suburban aunt.

Victoria Lincoln does young love particularly well. She looks back at it, yet keeps the feeling of the emotion itself, the disturbing, absurd quality, combined with poignancy. She also does two generations very well, and that is not so easy:

> He's smooth I used to say, he's the cat's whiskers; that's neat says my daughter, that sends me; tomorrow it will be something else, tedious, commonplace but necessary, a mask for the frail new personality, a tool for the unskilled purpose.

And then again:

> Do you remember, do you remember? Oh turn back as I turn now, to the face of love as you saw it first when you were young. Was the beauty hallucinatory, an intoxication? Yes, of course it was, but does this commonplace of knowledge destroy the value of the momentary vision? Was it insight, was it drunken ecstasy? The questions are without meaning. We speak from another world, another frame of reference. But once everything was changed. We saw the god.

That moving passage applies with curious exactness to Miss Lincoln's work. She has kept what she calls her "frame of reference." Another person who combined this perception, this vivid remembrance of youth and love, with such nostalgia, was Scott Fitzgerald, to whom she may be compared.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KISS THE BREAKFAST OFF MY HANDS

BREAKFAST was obviously invented to provide caloric intake for the body while offering the mind a period of brief solitude in which to prepare itself for facing the day's frustrations. Coffee and contemplation, zwiebach and silence, or mush and meditation seem to provide the ideal ingredients for that morning meal. Consequently, the very thought of millions of the nation's householders letting their own coffee cool and toast flatten while avidly listening to the breakfast banter of another and unseen husband and wife strikes a chilling note.

This business of breakfasting in public, or cruller-dunking over the air waves, is rather a new form of radio, but it is breaking out all over the nation in such a rash that it will shortly be impossible to turn on your set between six-thirty and ten of a morning without running into a cacophony of clattering dishes, clinking cups, and witless small talk.

What, please, makes people want to listen to other people eat breakfast?

The most patently gastronomical of these programs, in case you've not yet encountered any of them, is called "Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick." It is the forty-five-minute transbacon trivia of columnist Dorothy Kilgallen and her husband, theatrical producer Richard Kollmar. There is no fooling, either. The men from radio station WOR, in New York, take their microphone right into the Kollmar apartment, and park it among the bread crumbs. Six mornings a week.

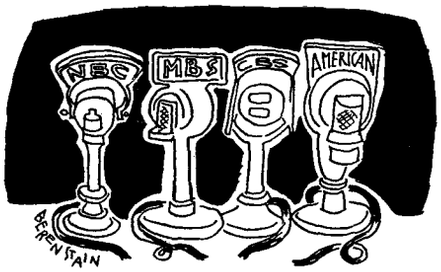
In addition to "Dorothy and Dick," there are, more or less currently, "Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald" (old-time radio entertainers), "Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wilson" (he's a night-club columnist, and theirs is a coffee session late at night but that's breakfast for some people), "The Tim Healys" (he's the adventurer and story-teller who used to amaze your children), "The Tex McCrarys" (she's Jinx Falkenburg), and, recently announced, Bea Wain, the singer, and her husband, André Baruch, the announcer. Inasmuch as they intend to leaven their program with singing and music, they bill themselves as "Mr. and Mrs. Music."

And besides the chummy feedings with married couples, there are soloists like Nancy Booth Craig, Martha Deane, Adelaide Hawley, Alma Kitchell, Ilka Chase, and Maggi McNellis. Not all of these, of course, are at breakfast time but, whatever the hour, it seems to be over the table.

Naturally, these people do not appear by themselves. Even the most loving of couples is no more bearable day after day than your favorite uncle and aunt. So, to relieve the tedium, interesting guests are presented, grinding industriously away at food and their favorite topic. There seems to be no set pattern of choice with these guests. Anybody who can make relevant remarks about practically anything is welcome, but for that matter, such a person is welcome anywhere.

That, of course, is the basic reason for the popularity of such programs. They do not pretend toward high drama. They are merely chatty and neighborly, and bring into the lonely home that most priceless of all human relationships—companionship.

As you might expect, these pleasant and charming companions do not scrape their toast in public for nothing. They command extremely high salaries on what is called a cooperative basis. That means simply that no one advertiser uses the program exclusively. For varying sums, the celebrants of these broadcast breakfasts will mention this and that product in an apparently hit-or-miss fashion all through the meal. A witty exchange of remarks may be broken off at the nub while the host or hostess extols a new salad dressing or household cleaning fluid. One never knows precisely where the interesting discussion ends and the mercenary remarks begin. Which is exactly what the advertiser is seeking—a device whereby the listener is led to believe that the product in question is as close to the hearts of the celebrated guests as their convictions concerning taxes or books. It is ever so much more real than just any announcer impersonally urging one to buy his product. It is radio in the first person singular.



It is the modern version of the personal testimonial, which so cluttered up the magazines of a few years back. If Mrs. Gotrocks used a certain face cream, it was automatically used by everybody who thought Mrs. Gotrocks had something they didn't have. Naturally Mrs. Gotrocks always had. Money, position, fame, or beauty. Therefore they, reading, would in some miraculous manner, join Mrs. Gotrocks's inner circle if they but used the things she did. And Mrs. G. uses that cream every night. It says right here. For a thousand dollars in cash, and a bottle of the cream, in case she has never heard of it before.

Still, it doesn't explain the vagaries of the public taste, this sudden sunburst of eavesdropping on other people's breakfasts. There is nothing exciting about it. No great secrets are heralded. They never fight, and hardly ever make any delicious slips of the tongue. However, it is the greatest ego lifter in the world. You, out in your little cottage, who have never seen even a colonel in the Air Corps up close, can hob-nob with the mighty each and every morning. Stir your coffee when they do, smile with them when hubby drops his napkin or topples over his water glass, and laugh when the visitor says something funny. They are not acting parts in a play to the world at large; simply having breakfast in your home with you.

Perhaps the success of these programs will open the eyes of radio practitioners to a dim fact that has often escaped them—that intimacy is the most compelling persuasion of all. Radio is not necessarily a dramatic medium. It has no color, no depth, scenery, or use for the beguiling gesture. It is not the stage. It is the living-room or the bedroom, or study. It is the ear of one person magically transported to the lips of another person, hundreds of miles distant, eager to hear their softest urgings and, because of the intimacy of the experience, pre-willing to abide by their decisions.

How wise was the late FDR in arranging his messages to the people as "Fireside Chats," and how dull seem the dramatic poundings and shoutings of the causeservers, the diplomats, and the crusaders.

Let Congress and the speech-makers, if they would win the people to their banner, take a lesson from the salad dressing maker:

> If you must shout and make a warning,
> do it early in the morning.
> Banners call us not to battle,
> but rather, let the teaspoon rattle,
> and if the public you would sway,
> pound upon the breakfast tray.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Corpse Under the Xmas Tree

JUDGE LYNCH

IT has always seemed rather risky to suggest mystery stories that would make appreciated Christmas gifts. You don't usually give mystery stories unless you know that the receiver has a certain fondness for them . . . and the *afficionado* generally grabs the new ones as soon as they come out. At least he did in previous years. And, before 1946, November and December were arid months in mystery story production. But 1946, the Year of Postponement in publishing, brings a raft of late arrivals which includes several books you may give to the mystery lover with the fair assumption that you have beaten him to the gun—Christmas shopping and other current worries taken into consideration. Here are a few that may prove helpful:

"Pick Your Victim," by Pat McGarr (Crime Club, $2), good for both sexes, with special emphasis on ex-G.I.'s and people who had, or have, anything to do with Washington bureaucracy.

"The Moving Toyshop," by Edmund Crispin (Lippincott, $2), intellectual, sophisticated, very English, and very good: another story about Gervase Fen, the Oxford don who figured in "Holy Disorders."

"The Black Stage," by Anthony Gilbert (Smith & Durrell, $2), another English story, featuring Arthur Crook, and good for both sexes, although the masculine taste is indicated.

"Punch with Care," by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (Farrar, Straus, $2.50), an Asey Mayo story with the customary Cape Cod background, and a lot of the gossipy garrulity that women find especially entertaining.

"Where There's Smoke," by Stewart Sterling (Lippincott, $2), hard-boiled, but not too much so, and with a background of the N. Y. Fire Department that should please most men, if only for its relative novelty.

"The Widow-Makers," by Michael Blankfort (Simon & Schuster, $2.50), post-war totalitarian conniving, starring three enchanting children. It has a "message," too, which gets rather shrieky toward the end, but doesn't hurt the story. For both sexes.

Almost any reader will welcome the arrival of all or any of these latecomers beneath his holiday gibbet.

So much for mystery stories taken singly. The Judge doesn't say they're the best of the year, but they are darn good and the possible recipient is less likely to have read them than some among their noted predecessors.

There is one category of books in which 1946 was especially rich, a category that has a definite gift appeal—the anthology and/or omnibus book. This article started out to be *all* about such volumes, but a few of the Judge's current enthusiasms got the better of him.

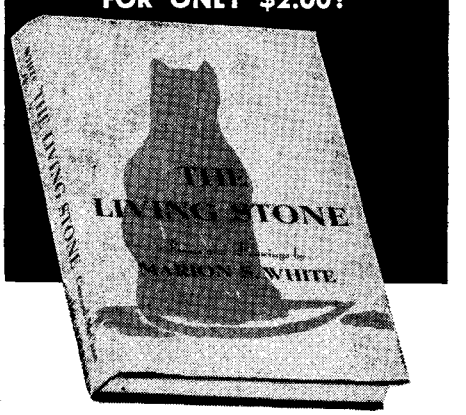
For the real devotee of the mystery story, male or female, the outstanding book in this classification is "The Art of the Mystery Story: A Collection of Critical Essays: Edited and with a commentary by Howard Haycraft." Don't be scared by the title. The book started life as "Ah, Sweet Mystery." That gives a better idea of its sprightliness—with the exception of various necessary and very interesting monoliths. There are fifty-three articles in the book, which swims through 545 more or less encarnadined pages and is published at $5 by Simon & Schuster. Its contributors include practically all of the luminaries—Chesterton, Hammett, Gardner, Carr; but why go on?—and the critical tone runs the gamut from grave to gay—including Edmund Wilson's famous frontal attack on the detective story "Who Cares Who Killed Roger Ackroyd?" People who like mystery and detective stories will find it vastly interesting and people who can't abide the *genre* may discover from its pages why so many presumably normal men and women like to spend a pleasant evening with Death.

The indefatigable Ellery Queen is out with a couple of good books. One is "To the Queen's Taste," edited by Guess Who and containing the best stories published in Mr. Q.'s magazine since 1941. There are thirty-six of them—detective, "riddle" (only two of these), and crime stories, from American, Anglo-American (to split Mr. John Dickson Carr's hair), English, and French sources. They are all short, all good, most of them by Recognized Masters, along with some 14 kt. newcomers, and with an engaging foreword and afterword by Mr. Queen which really should have been labeled "Advt." "To the Queen's Taste" is likely to be to the reader's taste so far as Christmas is concerned.

The other Queen collection, previously dealt with in The Criminal Record, is "The Queen's Awards, 1946" (Little, Brown & Co., $2.75). Consisting of the winnah of the first Queen contest and the various runners-up, this collection is about as good as such collections go, especially

Coward-McCann, Inc.

THE PERFECT Christmas Gift FOR ONLY $2.00!



It will make your friends laugh, argue and, perhaps, stop to think. The drawings help too.

THE *Living Stone*

Poems and Drawings by
MARION S. WHITE

Virtue Is Its Own Reward

Virtue is its own reward
So the preachers tell.
If you don't "cash in" on this,
You will go to hell.

Vice, too, has its own reward
In sins that number seven.
If you don't "cash in" on these,
You will go to heaven.

At all bookstores

COWARD-McCANN
2 West 45th Street, New York, 19

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since the contest was held during a war year when a lot of writers had something else to think about. It doesn't let readers down, except the most persnickety.

Besides the complete new Asey Mayo story mentioned above there is a typical threesome about the "codfish Sherlock" available in "The Asey Mayo Trio" (an inspired title), by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (Julian Messner, $2). The Asey Mayo taste, like that for olives, may be an acquired one—but a powerful lot of people enjoy olives. Some like this, to quote our favorite Miss Malaprop, "triology." "The Complete Murder Sampler," edited by James Nelson (Crime Club, $2.50), is another excellent anthology. For the Judge's money it's worth while merely for Geoffrey Household's "Taboo" with which the book concludes. There are fifteen other stories, all but one fiction, the selections are not too hackneyed, and each story is topically labeled, so the reader will know what he's getting—"Tough Guys and Curvacious Gals," for instance.

For the reader who likes drama there is "Thirteen Famous Plays of Crime and Detection," compiled by Van H. Cartmell and Bennett Cerf (Blakiston, $3.75). Here are such famous thrillers as "Sherlock Holmes" (how *that* one creaks!), "Within the Law," "The Thirteenth Chair," "The Cat and the Canary," and, most recent and best, "Angel Street"—to name part of the contents. The book has an introduction by dramatic critic John Chapman, in which he gives credit for originating the term "whodunit" to the wrong man.

A publisher invites criticism when he calls a book "Best Detective Stories of the Year," but the volume of that name, edited by David C. Cooke (Dutton, $2.50), contains a great deal of good short stuff published in magazines during 1945. Most of the stories are "formula" pieces, but they are all engaging.

In the field of factual crime "12 Against the Law," by Edward D. Radin (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.75), is just about the best volume in its class to appear during 1946. With a minimum of embroidery Mr. Radin has made his true stories—most of them have a New York background—much more readable than most fiction. Most male mystery fans would relish this one. Another good entry in this class is "Denver Murders," edited by Lee Casey, one of the Regional Murder Series published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce at $2.75. Some of the crimes may seem more exciting to the Western writer than to the effete Eastern reader, but they all show that no great city has any strangle-hold on criminal honors.

Returning to the fictional field, "Murder Cavalcade," an anthology of their own stories selected by various members of Mystery Writers of America, Inc., deserves mention as an acceptable gift (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.75), even though some of the esteemed contributors dug pretty deep into the barrel for their stories.

For the man or woman who likes plenty of action, tough talk, and good writing the Judge can't think of anything better than "The Hardboiled Omnibus," edited by Joseph Shaw and published by Simon & Schuster at $3. Most of the stories are by well known practitioners; they go back far enough in the files of "Black Mask" to make them all seem new, and they really pack a punch.

Nothing has been said here about espionage yarns or about the supernatural—two categories that sometimes creep into the loosely defined "mystery" field.

Nevertheless the Judge simply can't let the supernatural class go by without mentioning two very recent volumes: "The Clock Strikes Twelve," by H. R. Wakefield, nineteen ghost-and-horror stories that will convert the average spine into blanc mange (Arkham House, $3), and "Fearful Pleasures," a collection of twenty-two tales by A. E. Coppard, a gorgeous mixture of terror, fantasy, and fun from the opening lines of "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me" to the last words of "The Gruesome Pit"—and of this article.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THREE DOWN VULNERABLE *Z. H. Ross* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Ex-carny sleuth Smith and girl asst. answer call from actress friend and clear up murders among Thespians snowbound in Nevada canyon.	After first corpse appears in wood-box, girl 'tec is slugged, and two other bodies turn up, story really gets gory.	High-voltage
ONE OF THESE SEVEN *Carolynne & Malcolm Logan* (Mystery House: $2.)	Murder of famous and philandering artist in his New York apartment involves his seven closest friends. Ex-prodigy sleuth Drum ratiocinates.	Capably constructed story — along time-honored lines — with some good characterizations and logical detecting.	Entertaining
AND HIGH WATER *Aaron Marc Stein* (Crime Club: $2.)	"Archaeological detectives" hunting mound-builder relics in Mississippi valley country, run into tough characters and murder.	Elsie Mae Hunt and Tim Mulligan flit agreeably through scenes well filled with back-woods Americana, mystery, and violence.	Adequate
THE GLASS HEART *Marty Holland* (Messner: $2.)	California vagabond, fleeing from irate owner of swiped overcoat, stumbles into caretaker's job for murderous and wealthy widow.	Suspicious servitor penetrates secret of employer's past, blackmails her, makes love to her "paying guests," and finally discovers who killed her.	Uninhibited
LULLABY WITH LUGERS *James Crockett* (Crown: $2.)	Shooting of air-line exec. in Manhattan office brings operative Wilberforce James out of retirement into active and corpse-strewn career.	Tempestuous tale, frequently obscured by "rosy fog of warm curves and lips," also by copious libations of high-proof hooch.	Bourbon-and-Bullets
ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL *Dorothy Park Clark* (Crime Club: $2.)	Young wife prime suspect in slayings of her accidentally paralyzed husband and his sister. Matter-of-fact Kentucky cop saves her.	Horsey background knowledgeable; people are hard-riding, hot-tempered, outspoken and likeable. Mystery holds up well and detective is refreshing.	Better than most
AWAY WENT THE LITTLE FISH *Margot Bennett* (Crime Club: $2.)	Bashed body of luridtale writer in dower chest at English "dormitory town" auction-sale enlivens life of amateur sleuth Davies.	Mysterious inventor, his lubricious wife, lovely femme fatale, poetry-spouting "Brownie" and irascible Inspector keep yarn moving rapidly.	Top-drawer

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lacking America's Great Heart

THE POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA ANTHOLOGY. With an introduction by J. Donald Adams. New York: The Fine Editions Press. 1946. xxii + 294 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by I. L. SALOMAN

THE Poetry Society of America has been in existence since 1910, and this anthology is representative of the work of the membership, past and present. Here are poets who have carved for themselves a niche in the hall of Apollo, and others who have just begun to scratch the walls of the temple.

The business of compiling the anthology fell to a board of six editors, who had to work within circumscribed limits. The living writers, who were asked to submit poems of their own choice, did not always make the most felicitous selection.

The selective instinct of the anthologist is a rare phenomenon, and the fact that there are so few great anthologies is proof of this literary sleight-of-hand which can conjure the imperishable. Anthologies reflect the personalities of their originators, and one could never confuse a collection by Louis Untermeyer with one by, say, Oscar Williams. The anthology under review has a merged personality, an innocuous anonymity, the great number of fine poems aside. There is an inbreeding of poetic temper; the voice is small and sure; the craftsmanship excellent; but the great heart of America is missing.

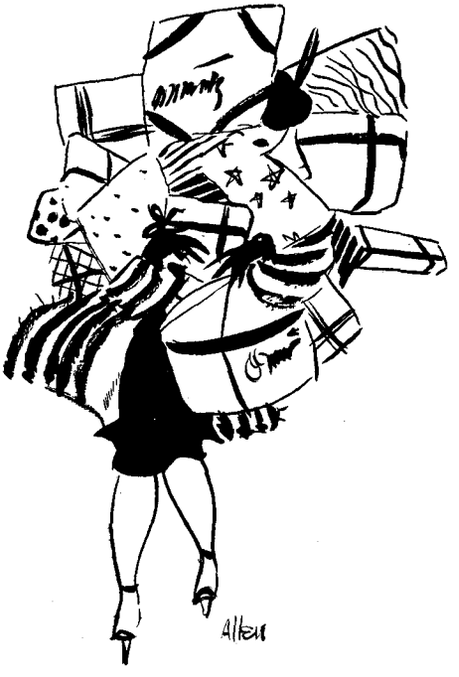
A publisher's note indicates that "the single poem by which deceased members are represented is not invariably the one by which they are best known." What poem of Stephen Vincent Benét can you quote? Ask the same question of the work of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Joaquin Miller, Vachel Lindsay, and the chances are you'll recall "American Names," "Flammonde," "Columbus," and "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight." These poets, selected at random, have such a body of work to choose from, it would have been a matter of minutes to give the poetry public something typical, yet not so well-known. In the case of Joyce Kilmer, this was done. George Sterling might have been represented by a sonnet, beginning, "Surely this dome of unremembered nights/Was heavy with those stars." Ficke's genius, on the other hand, is best exemplified by his well-known lyric, "Long and Lovely."

Among the older living poets there are four who are concerned with the desperate times our world is heir to. "We Are Wonderful," "We Are Wise" (Struthers Burt), "Defeat" (Witter Bynner), "To My Brothers Everywhere" (Elias Lieberman), and "Harvest Home" (Ridgely Torrence) are poems that ought to be taught to the youth of the land. They are incisive appraisals of the world we live in; their social implications are deep and vital. This is true too of such work as "David Today" (Alexander Laing) and "Hunger" (Mary Carolyn Davies), both welcome additions to the anthology.

For lyrical felicity there is Leonora Speyer's "These Poems I Have So Loved"; for compulsive prescience, Leslie Nelson Jennings's "Carpentry"; for a mechanistic approach, A. M. Sullivan's "The Chronometer"; and for love, as ancient of days and as new, Percy MacKaye's double-lyric "My Love and I."

Of the younger singers, Gerard Previn Meyer with a poem of splendid originality, Starr Nelson with a long-line sonnet in nine and five, Minna Gellert with an unusual example of modern symbolism, and Laura Lourene LeGear with a slant-rhyme lyric are singularly new and effective.

What limits this anthology is its lack of humor, not wit; there are a few poems that are witty and subtle, and the best of these are by Melville Cane, Alfred Kreymborg, Kimball Flaccus, and Robert Frost. That was to be expected. The loud laugh is missing; the chuckle is there; but laughter, like heart, is indigenous to America. The lusty imperfection of brawling poetry hasn't infected the members of The Poetry Society of America.



for—
knowledge of the past
understanding of the present
insight into the future

The Path of Science

by C. E. Kenneth Mees

This book is written to help you judge scientific progress with the intelligent realism demanded of each of us in this Atomic Age. It analyzes first the evolution of scientific thought and the social factors influencing that evolution. It tells clearly what is meant by the scientific method, and explains its use in developing modern physical, chemical, and biological ideas. In later chapters, the discussion centers on the present-day organization for scientific research, including applications of science to industry. The final chapter reviews the general relation of science to society, and discusses future possibilities for scientific study of sociology and politics.

THE PATH OF SCIENCE is for all thinking men and women who realize that a knowledge of the past and an understanding of the present are the first steps to a peaceful and happier tomorrow.

$3.00

At your bookstore, or order direct

JOHN WILEY & SONS, Inc.

440 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, Inc
30 EAST 57 STREET
NEW YORK 22

America's Leading Auction House for

RARE BOOKS & MSS
AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
AMERICANA
FIRST EDITIONS
STANDARD SETS

Also Antiques • Paintings
Prints • Other Art Property

Advance Announcements free on request

ARTHUR SWANN
Vice President in Charge of
Book and Print Department

APPRAISALS FOR TAX AND
OTHER PURPOSES

PILOTONE'S
"ACADEMY OF MUSIC"
TWO FIRST-RELEASE ALBUMS!

FAREWELL SYMPHONY—HAYDN
Played by the Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf conducting; Deems Taylor, Commentator. Four non-breakable Vinylite records. P 302 4.74*

HOLBERG SUITE—GRIEG
Played by the Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra; Rudolph Ganz conducting; Deems Taylor, Commentator. Four non-breakable Vinylite records. P 301 4.74*

* Plus City Sales Tax in N.Y.C.
Please add 60c for packing and shipping in the U. S.

We carry a complete stock of all recordings. Write for catalog of Records, Appliances, Cameras & Gifts.

RABSONS MAILMART DEPT. 35
111 West 52nd St., New York 19
Cl. 7-0069

PHILIP C. DUSCHNES
Catalogue #79, BOOKS FOR COLLECTORS, now ready.
RARE BOOKS • FIRST EDITIONS
66 EAST 56TH STREET • NEW YORK

WHEN SENDING IN YOUR SRL CHANGE OF ADDRESS . . . please be sure to include your present address as well as the new one. It will facilitate matters if you send us the address label from a recent issue. Please allow at least 3 weeks for change of address to be effected.

TELLING A STORY

(Continued from page 8)

involved activity of muscular tissue, which makes the candles hold upright in their sconces, the book rest on the eagle, the young men rise. Kipling in his short story "The Ship that Found Herself" specificized (if the word may be forgiven) the movement of a ship; but to state: "a steel girder quivered" is still to summarize the play of conflicting tensions. James Joyce records the swift succession of thought association, but even he does not detail the physical nerve processes of which they are a result. Still, for practical purposes the place on the scale of the specific of the scene and the summary are sufficiently far apart to justify different names.

The metaphor of the wall and the rolling pageant is a metaphor only, and metaphors though often illuminating are in the last resort untrue, being metaphors and not the thing itself. The story of Dick and Tom and Ellen was a crude invented instance. The truth or falsity of the suggested definition of scene and summary must be tested in the actual narratives of fiction.

The fact is that we know far too little about narrative; our pronouncements are guesses in the dark.

A critical history of the art of narrative, the art of *story-telling,* is urgently necessary. This should study story-telling (whether in verse or prose) from the days of the Greeks and Romans, through the jongleurs, Boccaccio, Malory, Lyly, to the present day. Many interesting points would emerge for investigation. Do certain nations tend more to summary in their fiction, others to scene? Can savages really employ summary at all? If not, why not? Is the summary, the scene, or a mixture of both, the later historical development? When did the convention impose itself of using quotation marks for, and "insetting" dialogue? What effect has this had upon the art of narrative? What variations do the practices of oral and written telling respectively impose upon the art of narrative? (A story told orally cannot stand many pieces of direct dialogue, for the narrator's attempt to impersonate his characters' voices tends to become both ridiculous and ineffective to the hearer's ear; whereas on the printed page dialogue is highly desirable because it breaks up the monotony of the lines to the reader's eye.) How is characterization affected by summary and scene? Do certain writers through the ages tend to prefer summary, others scene? And why?

These are only a few of the numerous questions which rise to the mind. They indicate the rich field to be explored by the critic of the art of narrative.

The present observations, admittedly merely introductory, have been gathered together here in the hope that possibly they may stimulate research into this fine, complex, subtle art.

The Night Before Christmas

By Marcia Masters

THE music box that you heard in the stores
Is silent now;
And the gingerbread boy in the bakery window
Has lost his questioning smile:
He dreams.
The days and the weeks have blown like rain
From the pavements.
Tonight the streets are free.

Time is a lovely thing this night,
There are moments when it stands so still—
You can catch its light in a bowl of crystal;
And the sound of carols seems to come
From someplace that has no clocks.

Take moments like these
And hold them close,
For the calm of the stars,
The peace of the fire,
And the childish hush on the stair,
Were what hastened your steps
Down the crowded streets of the year.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BRAHMS, LIEBESLIEDER, op. 52. RCA Victor Chorale, Robert Shaw. Luboschutz & Nemenoff, duo-pianists. Victor M 1076 (3) $3.85	A difficult problem of balance beautifully solved. You hear as much as you ever will of both piano & voices, together.	A—	(*See below.*) Correctly sung by small group not full chorus. A superb job, far ahead of other performances. Lacking some in spirit.

HAMBURG AND VIENNA

THE Brahms *Liebeslieder* waltzes are a musical category in themselves. Written for four voices and four piano hands, they are not true choral music, nor yet strictly music for vocal soloists. They are too big for chamber music, yet they are widely unknown to the audience for the larger Brahms works. Nor are they waltzes, but rather German Dances. And without question this music receives more enthusiastically incompetent performances than all the rest of Brahms put together, for it is the amateur singer's delight.

In this country with our sharp division between amateur and professional, the *Liebeslieder* fall between stools. Amateurs adore them, and understand their spirit, their informal, easy-going *gemütlichkeit* (the inevitable word), the gallant, roguish smile, yet bitter-sweet ("O die Frauen!") which is such an accurate reflection of Brahms's own personality. There is a personalized kind of old Vienna in this music which is a happy combination of the "Blue Danube" and "Down by the Old Mill Stream."

But what the amateurs miss is the iron musical discipline, the almost puritanical concentration of musical thought that lies behind this lovely music; the involved and beautiful counterpoint, the Bach-like overloading of ideas which makes the combination of piano and voices almost too rich to take. Here is the North German Brahms, and this is the Brahms that requires implacably accurate, virtuoso performance. The amateurs sing of a slightly maudlin Vienna. The spirit blooms and runs to seed. The very charged content, emotionally, of the music calls for a corresponding restraint and exactness of performance which these enthusiasts rarely give it.

On the other hand the professional approach has its snares. Most professionals leave the music alone. When they do tackle it the performance is usually impeccable. But in this country at least the professional seems utterly unable to cope with the informal, unbuttoned humor of these waltzes — possibly because (wrongly) he smells amateurism in any unbending. There are numerous professional versions to be heard, sung with the utmost seriousness, and in truth farther from the meaning of Brahms than the most maudlin of amateur performances, in spite of technical perfection.

The Robert Shaw recording of some of the waltzes (opus 52) is a landmark for it is the first that even approaches intelligibility in the hearing. The virtuoso difficulties of an accurate performance are beautifully mastered in respect to pitch, attack, phrasing; there is no sloppiness. In fact the recording is a miracle of competence. Yet in the replaying I find, increasingly, a certain lack of charm in the sound of it, which I can only ascribe to the matter of spirit. These semi-professional, serious-minded singers have not quite captured the easy, expressive humor that should be there, nor the clever contrasts of mood and feeling. They don't smile. Granted it is not easy to feel unbuttoned, the while singing extraordinarily demanding music in the face of a battery of microphones and publicity agents! But the smile, figuratively, is lacking, and should not be. (Technically speaking, one reason can be found in the diction. German song — as Lotte Lehmann followers know — must be almost fiercely articulated; its moods must by American standards be exaggerated. The Shaw singers, Americans, cover their vowels with vocal tone and swallow their consonants instead of splitting them.) But this is mild criticism of a near-perfect performance, which surely can serve as a technical model for those amateurs whose sentimental enthusiasm sets Brahms to spinning softly in his grave.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

THIS IS A BOOTIE-SOXER

This baby gets her Decca-full
With records quite impeccable.
While other babies chew on rings
She cuts her teeth on finer things.[1]
No problem child, no squirmer she,
With Nursery Hits from Schirmer, G.[2]

[1] Beautiful imported toys and music boxes.
[2] Everything musical imaginable in our tot's Utopia.

THESE DECCA RECORDS AND ALBUMS MEAN MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ANY BOOTIE-SOXER

RAGGEDY ANN SUNNY SONGS. Sung by Frank Luther. A-494 **2.89**

MOTHER GOOSE. Sung by Frank Luther on an unbreakable 12" record. CV-100 **2.10**

NURSERY RHYMES. Sung by Frank Luther on an unbreakable 12" record. CV-101 **2.10**

FRENCH FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN. Two Louis Chartier albums. Accompanying booklets have French-English translations. A-4, A-24 Each, **2.89**

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL. Enacted by Ronald Coleman. Victor Young's music. A-290 **4.04**

THE LITTLEST ANGEL. Narrated by Loretta Young. With Victor Young and Ken Darby Choir. DA-399 **2.89**

THE SELFISH GIANT. Frederick March in a dramatization of the Oscar Wilde fairy tale. DA-389 **2.10**

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Donald Crisp reads favorite Longfellow poems. Music by Victor Young. A-434 **2.89**

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. Carols, hymns sung by Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. A-480 **3.94**

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS. From Walt Disney's film. Lyn Murray, orchestra and chorus. A-368 **3.94**

TREASURE ISLAND. Thomas Mitchell as Long John Silver in a dramatization of the Stevenson tale. DA-409 **4.04**

STORY OF THE JUGGLER OF OUR LADY. A French folk-tale told, with choral accompaniment, by John Nesbitt. A-357 **2.10**

All prices include Federal tax. Express charges additional.

G. SCHIRMER

Schirmer's for Everything Musical

3 East 43rd St., New York City 17, MU 2-8100 and 275 Livingston St., Brooklyn 17, MA 4-5170.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

BELL RINGERS: HERALD SQUARE

AROUND the clock, each minute, like a petal,
Unfolds for us this vivid interlude.
Their hammers to the bell, these men of metal
Intone this hour for the multitude.

Attentively, we listen to the clamors:
A span of sixty-minutes now departs.
We face mechanic-torsos and the hammers—
And that speared goddess, queen of all the arts.

The winds of winter stir; the branches tremble;
We sense a sea of commerce gushing down.
And yet for us and others who assemble—
A wedge of heaven in the heart of town,
With huge metallic owls; and, looking at you,
Symmetrical in bronze, Minerva's statue.

MARIO SPERACIO.

* * *

Herebelow I am glad to afford Earle F. Walbridge a rebuttal of recent charges!

The eagle-eyed Miss Palmer and Mr. Oehser are a bit hasty in their "correction" of the inscription on Mrs. Humphry Ward's tombstone. The lines of Clough's which I transmitted to the Nest are exactly as I gave them. My information, in the first place, was obtained from Janet Penrose Trevelyan's "The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward." It may be assumed, I think, that Mrs. George Macaulay Trevelyan has studied her mother's tombstone with some care. Miss Palmer derived her version of the closing lines of Clough's "Come, Poet, Come!" from an American edition dated 1892, but it seems distinctly inferior to that selected by Mrs. Ward's two daughters; the same which appears in "Poems of Clough," edited by H. S. Milford (London: Henry Frowde, 1910):

Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
And (they forgotten and unknown)
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown.

* * *

Kenneth Porter of Vassar College, well-known poet and teacher, writes:

The responses to my suggestion that J. Leslie Mitchell's "Gay Hunter" (1934) contained an *early* mention of the atomic bomb sufficiently demonstrated how well advised was my accompanying disclaimer of any special acquaintance with scientific fiction. I did, however, achieve my principal objective—to plug the writings of J. Leslie Mitchell, particularly under his pseudonym of Lewis Grassic Gibbon. May I now venture some contributions to your collection of books with identical or similar titles, though possibly I shall overlap with previous suggestions? Howard Fast's fictional biography of John P. Altgeld, "The American" (1946), calls to mind Henry James's very different novel of the same title, first published in 1877; the only similarity is that the principal characters were, in both cases, self-made men. James Truslow Adams's "The American" (1943), being a work of non-fiction, should not, perhaps, be considered here, although, if non-fiction may be included, Howard Fast's "The Last Frontier," dealing with the desperate dash of a band of Cheyenne Indians from the Indian Territory across Kansas to their homes in the north, might be compared with E. Alexander Powell's "The Last Frontier" (1912), on the colonization of Africa, and F. L. Paxson's "The Last American Frontier" (1910). It is a little confusing to see Howard Fast's novel about Washington, "The Unvanquished" (1942), looking out from the same shelf in the Vassar library as William Faulkner's Civil War novel, "The Unvanquished" (1938). The Fasts, for some unknown reason, contribute disproportionately to this list; Julius Fast's current mystery novel, "The Bright Face of Danger," calls to mind C. M. Sublette's historical romance of the same title (1926), and a look into the "United States Catalogue," to ascertain the date of the latter, reveals still another historical romance of the same title, by R. N. Stephens, published in 1904. Rex Warner's anti-fascist allegory, "The Professor" (1939), was preceded by Stanley Johnson's similarly titled "Professor" (1925), *a roman à clef*, supposed to be of particular interest to anyone acquainted with Vanderbilt University. And Vanderbilt University, with its *Fugitives* and Agrarians, calls to mind Andrew Lytle, a member of the latter group, with his fine novel of an Alabama vendetta in the Civil War period, "The Long Night" (1936). The title was, however, used in 1903 by Stanley Weyman for a tale of witchcraft and intrigue in sixteenth-century Geneva, which is still readable. Two novels published in the same year, 1935, one in the United States, one in England, bore almost identical titles: "Paths of Glory," by Humphrey Cobb, based on a miscarriage of justice in the French army during the First World War; and "The Path of Glory," by Edward Frankland, dealing with the struggle among English, Danes, Vikings from oversea, and the dispossessed Welsh for control of a northeastern corner of England in the tenth century. Dr. Edward Frankland, the author of half a score of novels, none of which has been published in this country, should be better known, if only for his reconstructions of the Viking Age, in a trilogy or perhaps tetralogy still in progress, in which "The Path of Glory" is the second volume; the third volume, "The Half Brothers," will be published next spring. Some enterprising American publisher should arrange to publish the entire series in a single volume.

* * *

FASHIONS IN GRANDMOTHERS

My grandmother wore a black boned basque
And a long black skirt that reached to her feet;
A little black bonnet tied around hair
That was always flat and smooth and neat.

On Sundays she sat in a front church pew,
Pious, intent, scarcely taking a breath
Lest she turn her thoughts away from heaven
And the Bible that told of life after death.

Grandmas today wear dashing red hats;
Their lips are rouged and their nails drip red;
Their curls are "set"; their exposed legs shapely;
They turn their thoughts from the quiet dead.

Their week-ends are filled with concerts or movies,
Magazines, radio, reading the news;
They telephone often to some of the "girls";
And go to best-seller book-reviews.

ANN ARMSTRONG.

* * *

I said that cuckoo-rhyming-time was over, but I must allow Edith Garfield Blanchard of Tuckahoe to say:

Now that orange and erysipelas have been settled once and for all, we hope, let's polish off silver:

Waiters and taxicab drivers think illver
Fellow inclined to be tight with his silver.

She adds, "Put down that brick!" But I am no Ignatz.

B. Jo Kinnick from Piedmont, California, crashes the gate with:

RELUCTANT ADMISSION

I hate to say this.
If you only knew
How I hate the people who say,
"I hate to say this,"
Then do.

* * *

Merry Christmas to all . . .

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services: literary or publishing offers unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale, communications of a decorous nature: opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 20c per word. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 12c a word; 26 times, 14c a word; 13 times, 17c a word; 6 times, 19c a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

SEE PHANTOM SHIPS? Memorabilia about these and other Yankee delights can be found in "It's An Old New England Custom" by Edwin Valentine Mitchell. *Illustrated with quaint cuts.* Send check or money order ($2.75) to your bookseller or to Vanguard, 424 Madison, New York 17.

ATTORNEY, HARVARD GRADUATE, 5 years experience general practice in New York; Army counter intelligence; interested administrative law, labor law; seeks position with intelligent practitioner. Box 583-S.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

YOUNG MAN, Physician, well read medicine and current general literature desires part-time work reviewing books, medical writing or will entertain other offers. Healthy active mind. Physically incapacitated. Box 584-S.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal—business assignments, representations, undertaken. Nation-wide. Officially licensed and Bonded Service. Established 1922. Reasonable. All inquiries confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

EDITING, REVISION, GHOST-WRITING; labor, psychology, economics, fiction. Box 422-S or WO. 2-5827, NYC 2-6 PM.

YOUNG SCHOOLTEACHER, *now psychometrist in* small college, seeks teaching position, private or public school in East. A.B. in Eng. Lit., graduate work in Biol. Sci. Box 585-S.

VORACIOUS PENMAN seeks *new correspondents* of equally broad tastes. Readers? Mystics? Box 586-S.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.46 per carton; postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

A SECRETARY-BOOKKEEPER at medium salary with opportunity for more interesting and responsible work at better pay. Interesting surroundings in Art and Music in small New York up-state college town. Box 587-S.

RESEARCH: *Any subject or problem. Chicago's vast* resources available to you through our large able staff. Reasonable. Confidential. Write Research, Suite 904, 203 N. *Wabash*, Chicago.

ANN FARBER CANDIES, "The Connoisseur's Treat." Chocolates—$2.50 per pound plus postage outside NYC. Purest ingredients—not factory made. Orders delivered—regularly if desired. 362 East 72 Street, N. Y. BU 8-4648.

GOING SOUTH? Attractive intelligent woman, 41, available as companion. Pleasant reading voice; good conversationalist. Can typewrite. Box 588-S.

YOUNG FEMALE PACIFIST would like to correspond with former Conscientious Objector, male. Box 589-S.

CAT-LOVERS! Revel in the special cat number of National Geographic Magazine, replete with color plates, all breeds, only $2.00 postpaid. Send for free list of cat books, prints, etc. Box 716-Q.

BUSINESS WOMAN with excellent references needs small apartment or room in private, NYC home. East Fifties or Sixties preferred. Tel. PLaza 3-0475.

HAVE YOU A JOB IN EUROPE, preferably Paris, for *young woman, now associate editor national magazine?* Experience: writing, research, layout, copy. Box 590-S.

ANALYTICAL MALE would like to correspond with female interested Psychoanalysis. Box 591-S.

SILHOUETTES from life or photographs. Unique gifts. Beatrix Sherman, Silhouettes, 215 West 71 Street, NYC.

SCARCE BOOKS. Box 224-Q.

VETERANS—*Have you read that frank, dramatic* sexpose' of Yanks in England, James Allen's "We Always Come Back?" $1 the copy. Peyton Paul, 212 West 82 Street, New York 24.

ARTICLES, BOOKS, FICTION, PLAYS, MARKETED. Free reading. Bertha Klausner, 130 East 40 Street, New York 16.

EXCHANGE, small apt. Chicago, excellent location for apt. Los Angeles. Box 592-S.

WRITER with psychoanalytic background, six years' editorial experience, training in science, education, psychology, music would like to *collaborate* with psychiatrist, other scientific author or with publisher in writing, manuscript preparation, research. Box 593-S.

STRUGGLING AUTHORESS, stranger in town, needs moral support. Will professional or literary man write? Box 594-S.

WOULD MALE ARTS-LOVER, enjoying town or country pleasures, correspond with Eastern woman? Box 595-S.

WANTED BY SOLDIER-READER from Canada copy of "Invitation to the Dance." Box 596-S.

DISGRUNTLED COLLEGE GRAD, vet, baffled by life's little mysteries, wants choice letters. Box 597-S.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. Jene Stern, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, MU 4-0087.

CARTOONISTS' "GAGSTER" Topical Service. Free details. Box 80-S.

SIMPLIFICATION. Articles of all kinds put into simple language, easy style, and correct grammar by skilled staff of readability experts. Steward-Sparrow Associates, 5441 Kenmore, Chicago 40.

EXPERT FITTING AND ALTERING for ladies. Miss Evans, 79 *Washington* Place, NYC. Phone for appointment GR 7-1466.

INDEXING. Books, magazines, newspapers. A specialized service at reasonable rates. Your inquiry is solicited. Box 557-S.

EXCHANGE APARTMENT, Washington, D. C. for New York; 4 rooms, Dupont Circle area reasonable rental. REgent 7-1676. NYC. Box 598-S.

FOR SALE: *Capture of Inspiration* by E. Robert Schmitz 1935 (Piano technic) Cover somewhat soiled. Otherwise fine condition. Cheap. Box 599-S.

FURNISHED APARTMENT WANTED, Manhattan or downtown Brooklyn. January first through March. References. Box 600-S.

LIZA DOOLITTLE *will exchange odd-jobs or secretarial* services for speech training evenings, weekends. Box 601-S.

EASY-GOING SOUTHERN CAREERIST needs brisk *correspondence dynamic professional* people. Box 602-S.

TALK FRENCH IN 3 MONTHS. Also advanced. Parisian. CO 5-7590, 9-5 weekdays. N. Y. C.

COMPAX—THE FOLDING BICYCLE. A standard bicycle which folds to pack easily in closet, car, boat, train or plane. Columbia-built. Immediate delivery. Folding Cycles, Inc., 29 West 46 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

LIFELIKE PENCIL PORTRAIT—unusual Xmas gift! *Mounted, $5.00. Send photos today.* Box 169-S.

EASTERN REFINED AMERICAN LADY would like to correspond with refined Eastern gentleman. Box 603-S.

MANUSCRIPT TYPIST, all kinds of typing. Reasonable, accurate, rapid. Miller, CH 3-8315, NYC, 6-10 evenings.

YOUNG WOMAN (BOSTON), *poet and painter*, will go south, in January, as companion to woman or child. Box 604-S.

WRITER desires winter cabin or shack or guest *house*, walking distance of town—any town. For occupancy January through April. Box 605-S.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Forty cents per thousand, free carbon. Louise N. Whitney, 292 Roxbury Street, Roxbury, Mass.

HERE'S A CHANCE for you to retreat from radio gags. Tune out and send for "Wit and Humor of America" and revel in 10 volumes of the rib-tickling wit of yesteryear, over 2000 pages, for $29.75. Box 640-S.

PROFESSIONAL YOUNG LADY, *enjoys good books*, music, psychology, life and people invites correspondence with cultivated gentleman. Box 606-S.

WANTED: RELIABLE PERSON to drive my Ford two-seater coupe from New York to Los Angeles immediately. References necessary. Phone CIrcle 7-0300, Room 1602.

AMATEUR POET, composer, would-be playwright invites letters similar characters. Box 325-S.

WOMAN, weary of each day's sameness, invites friendly masculine correspondence. Box 607-S.

DO YOU LIKE THICKLY-WOVEN PLOTS in your novels? Then read Bulwer-Lytton. 13 volumes, thousands of pages, $27.50. Box 642-S.

WANTED: Second hand books by Homer Lea, M. Madison Grant, Allan Gate, Seth K. Humphrey, Douglas Southall Freeman, other Southern Confederate biographers, genealogists. Desires correspondence with Anglo-Saxons familiar therewith. Box 608-S.

HUNTING descendants of John and William Barnett (Barnet), Londonderry, Ireland to Lancaster Co., Pa. 1730's. James D. Barnett, University, Eugene, Oregon.

EASTERN GENTLEMAN, with broad cultural interests seeks stimulating, interesting correspondence. Box 609-S.

MATURE ENGLISHMAN, retired; interested in *symphonic music, real estate would correspond with* older woman. Box 611-S.

BE A GOOD SAMARITAN and give a college ex-ARC clubmobile, southern gal a lead on a 1½-3 room furnished-unfurnished apartment East Side, Gramercy, Village, NYC. Box 612-S.

PLANNING *ECONOMICAL INDIVIDUALISTIC* LEISURELY MEXICO Guatemala trip, mature woman invites company. Box 613-S.

YOUNG PLAYWRIGHT seeks room in exchange for part-time job, NYC. Box 614-S.

MEMO TO THE DEAN: University administrative officer, for 11 years assistant editor and head of copy-desk of one of nation's great papers, and now teaching what little journalism his institution offers, *considering leaving general administrative work to* devote himself to school or department of journalism. Has published in Saturday Review and elsewhere on newspaper subjects. Top references both as teacher and as university public relations officer. Box 610-S.

IS MEAT ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH? No, say two outstanding vegetarians. Yes, say, two meat-eating authorities. Send $1.25 for 25,000 word stenographic report of this interesting debate. Also for free list *of books on diet, cooking, health.* Box 463-S.

DO YOU POTTER AROUND WITH POTTERY? Or search for *ceramic rarities. Then send for our free* list. Box 110-S.

WHY RISQUE A TRIP TO PARIS when you can revel in the delights of Montmartre at home and taste the pre-war Paris gaité in the unique pictures and exotic pages of La Vie Parisienne. Single issues, $2.50; 5 copies $10. Bound volumes, 26 issues $30. Box 466-S.

WOMAN PAINTER needs livable furnished studio or *small apartment Jan.-March. References.* ELdorado 5-1381, NYC.

27, *no ties, not yesman, not crackpot*, A.B. degree, wide general knowledge, literary ability, athletic, space prevents enumeration defects, seeks any sort human employment. Box 617-S.

PUBLICIST, VETERAN, seeks small office or will share adequate mid-Manhattan office space, NYC. Box 616-S.

ANECDOTES OF HUMOROUS BENT existed B.C. (before Cerf and before Columnists) in Percy's *Famous Collection, 20 volumes over 4000 pages, of* endless delight. Only $47.50. Box 641-S.

LIFE MAGAZINE. Complete 10 year file—Nov. 23, 1936, Nov. 25th, 1946. Make offer. Cara B. Whiting, 10465 Carnegie Avenue, Cleveland 6, Ohio.

FOR SALE: Linguaphone Spanish Course. Complete, *new and unused.* Only $35. Box 618-S.

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED also library research. Lily Blum, 316 *West* 79 Street, NYC, TR 4-5398.

(Continued on page 34)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

GENTLEMAN, 57, foot-loose and care-free seeks guarded adventure. Has had wide and varied business experience wants work with congenial surroundings and company. If decent living is provided pay is of no importance but if you are simply looking for cheap help this is not it. Something new and interesting will get me. New Mexico, China, South America, the Eastern Coast or what have you. Box 445-S.

HERE ARE THE BOOKS-OF-THE-MONTHS-OF-ALL TIME! International library of Famous Literature, 20 volumes, almost 10,000 pages, select reading, large type, 500 full page illustrations, morocco bound, only $89.75. Box 644-S.

LONELY YOUNG WOMAN, invites correspondence from kind male. Box 619-S.

EXCHANGE BEAUTIFUL ONE-ROOM APT. excellent location Washington, D. C. for apt. in Manhattan. Furnished or empty. Write Box 620-S.

BACHELOR, VETERAN, 36, starting new job needs desperately place to live New York, furnished or empty, alone or sharing. Write Box 621-S.

I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, M.A. Ecole du-Louvre/Paris, Ph. D. Marburg/Germany; trained teacher, experienced lecturer; familiar with organizing, travelling, editing, writing in English, French, German; attractive, skillful, efficient; worth $1000 a month. Willing to do interesting work for less. Box 646-S.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN LIFE AFTER DEATH? Send for free list of books. Box 645-S.

EASTERN YOUNG LADY desires correspondence with male, exhilarating personality only. Box 622-S.

BUSINESS WOMAN, leaving for England and France after first of year, will accept a few more commissions of any kind. Box 623-S.

PROMINENT BUT HUMBLE Eastern young writer invites correspondence of feminine art lovers or makers. Box 624-S.

INTERESTING DAMSEL, cosmoplitan, artistic, cheerfully offers exchange unusual Holiday greetings with sentimental, intellectual male anywhere. Box 647-S.

MALE, idealistic by nature, by choice literary, a weightlifter, invites similar correspondence. Box 625-S.

COPYWRITER, 35, with son, 12, seeks rooms, board, some care boy. $150 month. Woodrow Johnson, New York Post, 75 West St., NYC.

GET AWAY FROM WORLD-CHAOS in the pages of Charles Lever's novels, with their rollicking humor and hilarious scenes. 39 volumes, thousands of pages, illustrated, $59.75. Box 643-S.

WANTED: 2½-3 room apartment, Washington, D.C., by professional couple. Box 627-S.

INTERESTED IN FIREARMS? Send for free list of books on subject; also ordnance and explosives. Also offering, just published, "U. S. Firearms", 1776-1946, with 88 full page plates, 1100 figures, $6,000. Box 415-S.

WHERE IS THE NEW YORK PUBLISHER who would like a "Woman of Distinction" rather than a "ravishing blonde" as receptionist? I am over fifty, art background, Irish, fluent French, type, switchboard, impeccable references. $45. Box 628-S.

TRY OUR GROUP OF EUROPEANS for translations, research, special typing, etc., American Committee for Emigre Scholars, Writers and Artists, 66 Fifth Ave., GR 7-8464, ext. 6.

COMPANION-NURSE-SECRETARY, charming, intelligent, available for winter in warm climate. Box 629-S.

WANTED TO BUY—Waggaman's Phosphoric acid, Phosphates and Phosphate Fertilizer, Turrentines. Potash in North America. State price wanted etc. Box 630-S.

IF YOU ARE "healthy, wealthy and philosophical," then you'll enjoy leisurely ramble New York to Florida, Texas, or your own destination, with a mature non-spending gentleman-philosopher-Yaleman. Costs you (one or two) 15¢ per mile and your own expenses. Box 631-S.

FITZPATRICK, the M-G-M travelogue, had nothing on John L. Stoddard, who did it 50 years ago in his 10 volumes of beautifully illustrated lectures, splendidly bound, only $34.25. Box 639-S.

BACHELOR, forty years young, college graduate, allergic to Northern climate desires position as travelling secretary and companion. Interested in Theatre, Terpsichore, Literature, Sports. Bridge expert. Box 632-S.

PERSONALS

WHAT'S COOKING? You can find out in any period and in any region from our list of 400 cookbooks sent you free on request. Box 109-S.

WANTED: Gentlewoman to share pleasant semi-country Connecticut home with older woman. Salary and living. References. Box 633-S.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION has struck a new low in receipt of books, but the boys on our ships are reading more than ever. Our sailors find their only diversion and relaxation during long and often perilous voyages, in the books supplied by this Library, and they are omnivorous readers. Look around for good books you are through with, then write or phone Mrs. George Emlen Roosevelt, American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York City. (Phone BOwling Green 9-0220) and don't underrate our seamen's intelligence.

INTERESTED IN EARLY FASHION PLATES? We have bound volumes of Godey's and Peterson's famous magazines, 1850 to 1880. Volume contains 12 issues, with 12 different colored plates, some folding with many figures and fashions. Price $12.50 per volume for the 1870's, 1880's; $15.00 per volume for the 1860's; $17.50 per volume for the 1850's. Individual issues with single fashion plate, $2.75. All volumes and issues contain singularly interesting reading material of a literary nature besides. Box 467-S.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13 Street, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR SALE

IF YOU HAVE EXHAUSTED Eastern markets in your efforts to locate scarce, unusual, and rare books, why not write to H. H. Evans, Bookseller, 3319 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, California? He has the best stock of used books West of the Mississippi.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20c. Books bought.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON. The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, New York 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH phonetics, grammar, conversation, diction, by Parisienne. (Sorbonne University) RE 7-4606, N. Y. C.

29 LANGUAGES by LINGUAPHONE. Russian, Spanish, French, German. Direct conversational method for mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Available under GI Bill of Rights. Send for Free book. Linguaphone Institute, 26 RCA Bldg., New York 20. CI 7-0830.

ALL LANGUAGE PHONOGRAPH COURSES, all makes. Sold, bought, rented. Alin, 475 Fifth Avenue, NYC, MU 3-1093.

LANGUAGE SERVICE CENTER, Div. of Schoenhof's Foreign Books, Inc., Harvard Sq., Cambridge 38, Mass. Established 1936. All record courses. Also books in all languages. Booklet SRL.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKS

BRITANNICA ENCYCLOPEDIA, 14th edition, 24 Volumes, $70; Harvard Classics, 20 volume fiction, $20; 50 volume non fiction, $30; Jewish Encyclopedia, ¾ leather, 12 volumes F&W set, $70. Literary Mart, 8 East 33 Street, New York 16.

ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C. First editions, good books. Books by and about Walt Whitman.

CLASSIFIED

OLD, RARE, RECENT, OUT-OF-PRINT. Large Stock on hand of fiction, literature, Americana, sets occult, biographies, etc. Quotations free. Catalogs issued. Inquiries solicited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mount Vernon, N. Y.

BOOKS ON THE EAST. China, Japan, Indo-China, the East Indies, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas, etc. All subjects; all languages. Send for catalogue 128 and supplement, and, if possible, visit our shop where you will see scores of books for every one catalogued. Established 1920. Orientalia, Inc., 47 West 47th St., N. Y. C. 19.

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOG. Thousands of good books. Careful attention given to library orders. MIDWEST BOOK COMPANY, 608 West 60 Street, Chicago, Illinois.

GERMAN BOOKS on any subject, bought and sold. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Dept. 22, Bookseller, Publisher and Importer, 100 West 72, New York 23.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING? 2000 volumes (slim) contemporary ephemeral poetry $488. Or $35 per hundred. University Place Book Shop, 69 University Place, New York 3.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENT FOR 27 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, ghostwriting. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful services. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40 Street, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Expert, reasonable, prompt, Sara Rice, 216 West 102 Street, NYC. RI 9-1644.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT services for all writers, available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Reasonable. Irene Herlocker. 6346 Jefferson, Hammond, Indiana.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE—Manuscripts excellently typed. Intelligent personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 Street, N. Y. C. LE 2-4770.

THE WELL-DRESSED MANUSCRIPT. Fifty cents a thousand. Slips of the pen corrected. Asa Wilgus, Millbrook, New York.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48 St., NYC, PL 3-1364.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42 Street, New York 18, N. Y.

ELEANOR KING literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM, EDITING, RE-WRITING, Layouts. Wide experience. Marie H. Doyle, 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17, MU 6-7096.

AUTHORS ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

PROFESSIONAL WRITERS' PROJECT. Group of distinguished authors and editors have organized to offer their services. Top-flight authors and leading publishing houses come to us with confidence for editing, rewrite and research. Staff includes such established writers as Sophie Kerr, well-known fiction writer; Howard Richardson, Broadway playwright, ("Dark of the Moon"); William Allen (formerly an editor of "Reader's Digest") and others. 475 Fifth Avenue, NYC. Phone MU 3-1093.

OUT-OF-PRINT

RARE, RECENT, AND OLD BOOKS. We can find them. Belwin Book Service, P. O. Box 41, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT Books supplied. Send us your lists. Quick, efficient service. Reasonable prices. Free catalog. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 18870 Marx Avenue, Detroit 3, Michigan.

CHALLENGE US TO LOCATE those "Hard-to-Find" books you want! Spotlight, 141 Broadway, N. Y. C.

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS LOCATED. No obligation. Ralph Heinen, 909 Greenwood Ave., Toledo 5, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT or HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. Write stating "Wants." No obligation. Opal's Book Service, Westbury, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 665

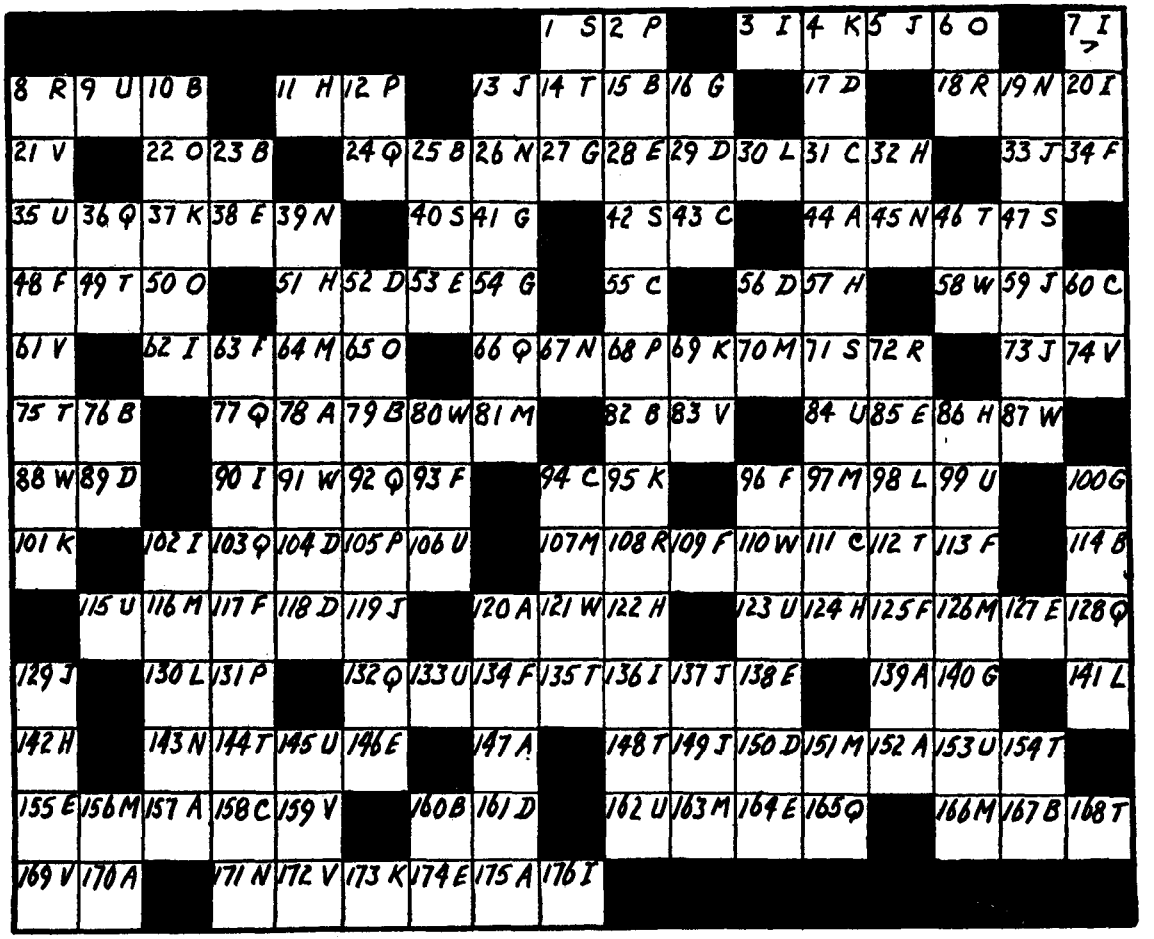
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To foreshadow vaguely.	147 175 78 157 44 152 120 139 170
B. The followers of an Italian painter (1276-1337?).	79 160 25 76 82 10 23 15 167 114
C. Excess; redundancy.	31 111 94 55 158 60 43
D. A quail (2 wds.)	89 56 161 17 118 29 52 104 150
E. A federation in Burma (2 wds.)	164 127 53 174 146 28 85 155 38 138
F. Autobiographical narrative of adventure by Mark Twain (1872).	109 117 125 93 96 48 134 113 63 34
G. A variety of green diabase whose augite is altered to uralite (Petrog.)	140 41 16 100 54 27
H. Russian piano virtuoso and composer in Chicago and St. Louis (1870-1938).	32 57 122 124 51 11 86 142
I. Manifesting taste.	136 176 7 90 102 62 3 20
J. Unfinished beginnings; first steps.	137 149 129 59 13 119 5 73 33
K. Old-fogyish; strait-laced (Colloq.)	4 69 173 37 101 95
L. A Mohammedan priest.	30 141 98 130

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Referred again, as a bill to a group.	116 97 126 163 107 64 156 166 81 70 151
N. Exuberant in growth or spread.	39 45 26 171 19 67 143
O. English landscape painter and etcher (1849-1913).	65 22 50 6
P. American sculptor and poet in Italy (1819-95).	68 2 12 105 131
Q. Insulting; obnoxious.	77 36 132 165 92 24 66 103 128
R. An island resort outside the lagoon of Venice.	18 8 72 108
S. Eskimo women's open boat, wooden frame covered with skins, propelled by paddles.	40 42 1 71 47
T. Rapid movement from point to point (3 wds.)	49 168 14 46 148 75 112 154 135 144
U. Without delay.	35 9 84 145 99 133 115 123 153 162 106
V. City in Wisconsin on Lake Winnebago.	83 169 61 21 172 159 74
W. College for women at Cambridge, Eng., opened in 1876.	110 87 58 121 80 91 88

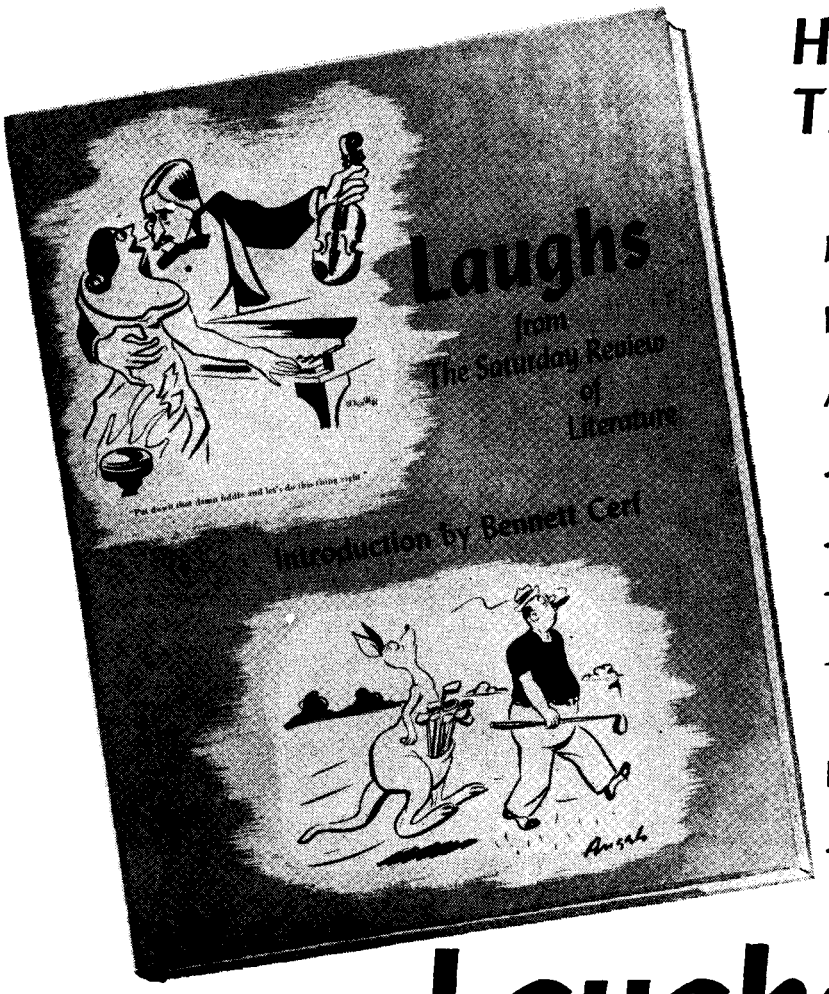
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram. When the column headed WORDS is filled in the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HAVE YOU THE PERFECT GIFT FOR—

Mother—who wishes books weren't so "unpleasant"?

Father—who has read ALL the books about Roosevelt?

Aunt Hattie—who knows *The Egg and I* by heart?

Jane—who is an authority on "whither are we drifting"?

Joe—who "got sick of comic books" in the Army?

The Boss—who finds financial statements dull reading these days?

The Boss's Secretary—who reads the best sellers *before* they're made into movies?

Everyone—highbrow and lowbrow—who can read, write and laugh?

This is it. We have culled our pages for the humor of a decade.

Laughs
from The Saturday Review

BENNETT CERF *says in his introduction:* "It should be stated here, I think, that my enthusiasm for these cartoons is not entirely disinterested. Almost all of them have appeared on the double spread that contains my weekly column, Trade Winds, in *The Saturday Review*. The bigger they grow, the less I have to write to fill the space; the funnier they are, the more amiable and tolerant the mood of subscribers as they glance over my paragraphs. The latter sold better than they deserved in book form under the title *Try and Stop Me*. If these pictures, that accompanied and so often overshadowed them, do not hang up a comparable record, there is no justice left in the world!"

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

SPECIAL GIFT COUPON

Enclosed find check (or money order) for $_____ for which send one copy of LAUGHS FROM THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE (@ $2.50 per copy) to

NAME_____
STREET_____ CITY_____ STATE_____
NAME_____
STREET_____ CITY_____ STATE_____
NAME_____
STREET_____ CITY_____ STATE_____

☐ Check here if you wish to have us enclose in each copy a card saying Merry Xmas from_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED